REAL WEST

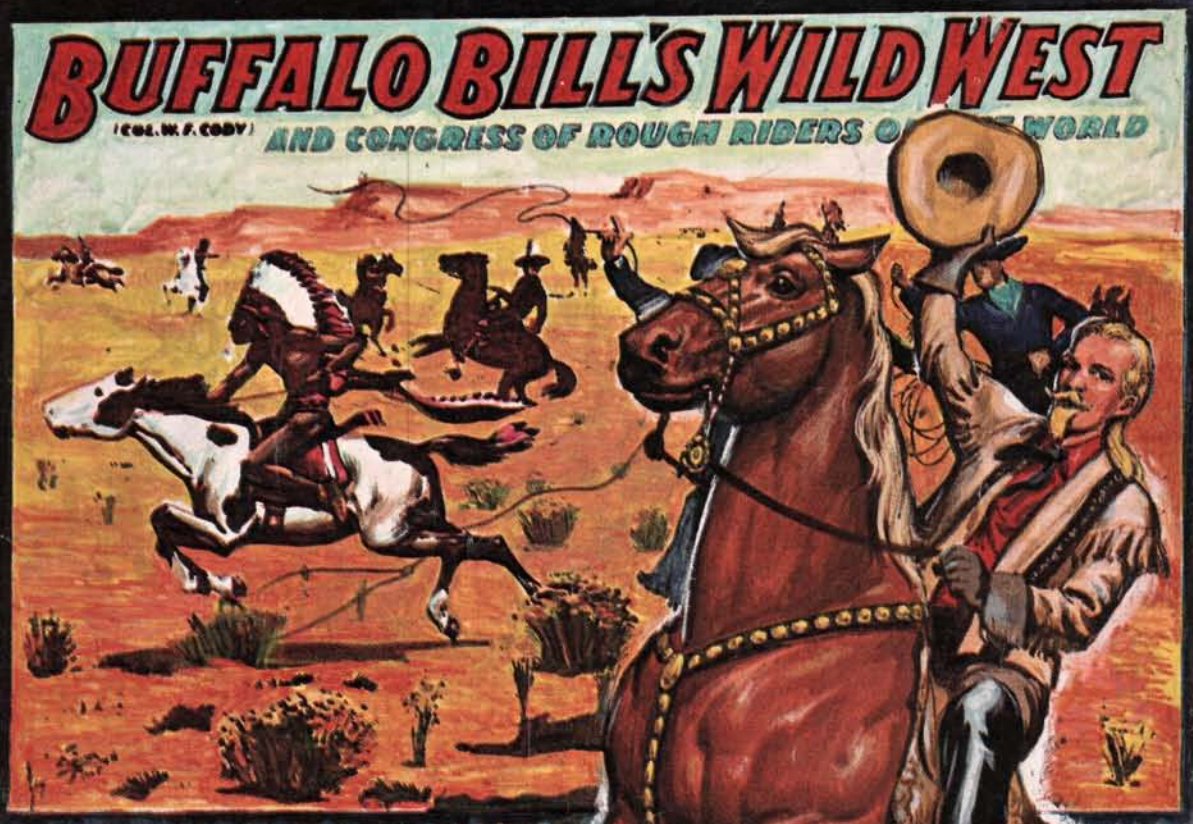
CHARLTON PUBLICATION

50¢ JULY '74 TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER
CDC 00174

QUANTRILL in Texas

Hellacious CATFISH KID

AMBROSE BIERCE, the Scribe of Satan



BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN

and many more!

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IF CLARK GABLE, JUDY GARLAND AND MARILYN MONROE HAD KNOWN ABOUT BIORHYTHM THEY MIGHT BE ALIVE TODAY!

NEW DISCOVERY OF HIDDEN NATURAL POWER CAN BRING YOU WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS . . . EVEN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

SCIENTIST UNLOCKS SECRETS OF WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS

Discovery of hidden natural power can mean the difference between success and failure, life and death.

Imagine. You've run out of gas on a cold, moonless night. You're shivering and scared. But you must cross the woods to get home. Darkness conceals hidden dangers. At any moment you might slip on an icy spot, or stumble over a fallen tree. Just as bad, you might walk in circles for hours. Darkness also conceals the one safe path—leading to a warm house, a welcome fire, loving friends.

What if someone came along and offered you a little light? Would it make a difference?

Of course it would. And that's why I want to share MY little light with you. It's called the science of Biorhythm. And it's made the difference in my life between success and failure, perhaps even life and death.

Biorhythm could make a big difference in your life, too. Let me explain why.

How I Discovered Biorhythm

At work, as a teacher, I always demand concrete evidence. Yet, in my personal decisions, I was once in the "dark ages." Like you, I wanted to do the best for my loved ones. To insure my children's good health, my husband's financial success, my own understanding as wife and mother. And, of course, I wanted to *really* understand myself. But I only had "fate" and women's intuition to guide me. Often I was filled with self-doubts. Had I done all I could? Had I failed in any way?

And then a miracle happened.

One of my fears actually came true. While on a business trip my husband got into an accident. Luckily he recovered. But imagine my shock when a scientist friend told me his accident COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED.

How could I not listen?

My friend introduced me to the science of Biorhythm. He calls it "the most effective life control known to man and woman."

Clark Gable's Death Predicted

On the John Nebel radio show in 1960, a biorhythmist predicted that, according to Clark Gable's biorhythm chart, the star, who had recently suffered a heart attack, would have a "critical day" on November 16. The biorhythmist urged extra precautions for Gable on that day.

On November 16 Gable died and the doctors, who had not heeded the biorhythmist's warning stated that "Gable could have been saved had the heart machine been available quickly."

The Difference Biorhythm Has Made For Me

Now that *I* understand *my* cycles, I'm less moody, more creative, more sensitive to my family, more aware of myself. My decisions are made confidently, quickly. What's more, physically I feel more energetic, less rundown. It's even helped me to stick to a diet. And sex? Knowing my highs and lows has certainly helped there, too, And as an extra bonus, I even gambled recently during my "high" days, and was called a "born winner."

Biorhythm could make you a "born winner" too. The more I've successfully used this life control, the more I've grown aware of its amazing results for others.

Nature's Secret Clock

In brief, Biorhythm operates on the basis of our natural biological cycles. You know about women's menstrual cycles. Well, scientists can also chart 3 other major cycles: *emotional, physical and mental.* They effect both sexes from the moment we're born. And each of us has a unique pattern, based on our day and year of birth.

When these cycles are at their "highs" we're most likely to give our peak performance. When they're low, the opposite is true. And when the cycles are changing, we're in our critical days. That's when we're most susceptible to accidents and poor judgment.

A recent book on biorhythm reveals some fascinating facts. Jack Ruby murdered Lee Harvey Oswald on a critical day. Sirhan Sirhan's assassination of Kennedy and Arthur Bremer's attempt on George Wallace also occurred on critical days. And Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe swallowed lethal doses of sleeping pills on critical days.

As the Philadelphia Inquirer (Sunday, November 4, 1973) reported:

"Biorhythm poses such a natural and logical explanation for our fluctuating health and temperament, that it simply cannot be overlooked."

Evidence Overwhelming

Many industries around the world swear by Biorhythm. The transportation system in Zurich, Switzerland, charts its employees. Several European airlines credit Biorhythm for their outstanding safety records. The Swedish Air Force doesn't allow pilots to fly on their critical days. In Japan, 5,000 firms chart their employees now.

The Long Island Press put it in a nutshell on March 30, 1973, when they quoted Russel K. Anderson, head of a U.S. Industrial Consulting firm:

"We have analyzed more than 1,000 accidents during the past two years and the amazing thing is that we have come out with more than 90% of the accidents occurring on the critical days."

Biorhythm May Explain Sporting "Upsets"

Arnold Palmer, considered a "sure winner" at the Professional Golfers' Association play off in 1962 was, biorhythmically speaking, at a low—and ended up tying for 17th place instead. Muhammed Ali lost to Ken Norton on a critical day. As did Floyd Patterson to Ingmar Johannson.

What about the biorhythm scoop on the match of the century!

Bobby Riggs lost to Billie Jean King on a day when his physical cycle was critical and his emotional cycle low. Ms. King, on the other hand, was at both an emotional and intellectual high.

Research Study Now In Progress

Biorhythm is today's most powerful source for self-knowledge and life control. It helps you know the most important person in your life—yourself.

To help YOU discover Biorhythm's effectiveness, the Life Cycle Institute invites you to participate in a special research project. You can see for yourself how Biorhythm improves your health, your diet, financial success, family happiness, sexual responses, vacation trips, everything! At the same time you will be engaging in valuable life-changing research. If you're ready to put a "little light" on your life, see LIFE CYCLE INSTITUTE's special research offer below.

LIFE CYCLE INSTITUTE
Needs YOUR Help In Our Research Program

Thanks to computer technology, Biorhythm will soon be available to the general public. At Life Cycle Institute, we are currently compiling results from thousands of Biorhythm users—and need your report for our on-going research. When this research is completed, Biorhythm charts will cost approximately $10 a year—a low sum considering the work involved, and Biorhythm's effectiveness.

But right now you can receive a full year's Biorhythm chart for only $3.95 plus .35 handling (this just about covers our costs). All we ask is that, at the end of the year, you inform us of how Biorhythm has helped improve your life. As a research participant, you will also receive a full report of Life Cycle's research findings.

Biorhythm is GUARANTEED FOR ONE FULL YEAR. If not totally satisfied with Biorhythm, return your chart within 365 days from date received and we will refund your money in full.

Act now. Fill out and mail the form on the right to Life Cycle Institute, 227 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017, and let YOUR Biorhythm start working for you.

LIFE CYCLE INSTITUTE
RT-A6, 227 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

I wish to participate in Life Cycle Institute's Research Study—and get my personal computerized Biorhythm chart at a special research price. Enclosed please find $3.95 plus .35 (handling charge) for each chart requested. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I will return my chart within the next 365 days for full refund.

Name Mr. Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Date of Birth: Day _____ Month _____ Year _____

Time of Birth: _____ AM _____ PM

If no time is given, 12 p.m. will be used. For additional Biorhythm charts, attach sheet of paper with necessary information (name, address, and date and time of birth.)

I enclose check or money order for

☐ 1 Biorhythm Chart for $3.95 plus .35 handling

☐ 2 Biorhythm Charts for $7.90 (You save .70 postage)

Life Cycle Institute reserves the right to terminate offer when research is completed.

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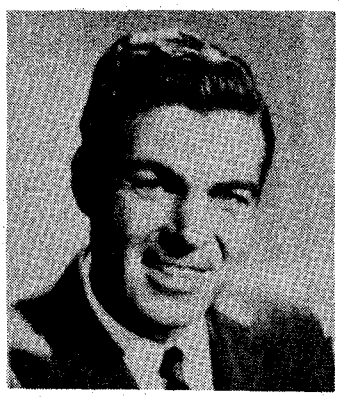
Losing Your Hair
Hair Thinning
Do You Have Dandruff
Itchy Scalp



THE COMATE HAIR AND SCALP TREATMENT MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SAVING YOUR HAIR AND LOSING THE REST OF IT.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not eliminate needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this obstacle to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales & scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker." —G. E., Alberta, Canada

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped." — L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

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COMATE CORPORATION Dept 14854
50 Bond St., Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 day's supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. **Enclosed is $1 deposit.** I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 — No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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REAL WEST

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The Brand of Quality

Volume XVII
Number 128
July, 1974

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By A.A. McDonald

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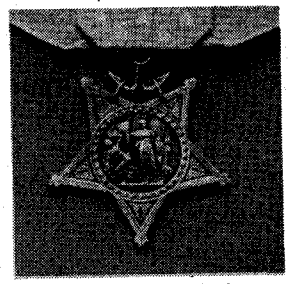
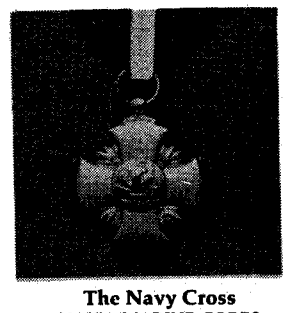


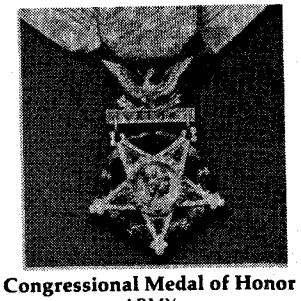
Congressional Medal of Honor
NAVY, MARINE CORPS and COAST GUARD

Distinguished Service Cross
ARMY

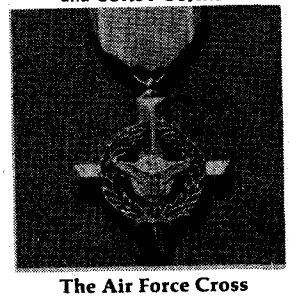


The Navy Cross
NAVY, MARINE CORPS and COAST GUARD

The Silver Star



Congressional Medal of Honor
ARMY



The Air Force Cross
AIR FORCE

The Distinguished Flying Cross

These medals are a proud nation's homage to it's greatest heros. Displayed on your wall, they show how you feel about America and patriotism. In beautiful plaque form, they add to the appearance of any room or office. By displaying them, you honor the brave men who faced the enemy with dauntless courage on a hundred battlefields.

Our unique process makes these extraordinary wall plaques authentic representations of the originals. They are thrilling and lifelike, due to their remarkable fidelity and three dimensional effect.

America's finest artists were commissioned by our government to design these medals. Your wall plaque will reflect the ageless beauty and the heroic spirit of the original designs. They are manufactured in this country of the finest materials carefully chosen to accent the beauty of the plaques and to guarantee their durability.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

FATHER WAS U.S. MARSHAL IN INDIAN TERRITORY

Dear Sir:

I have been reading REAL WEST for several years and enjoy it very much. Most of all, I like the stories of the happenings in the 1880's and 1890's in Indian Territory. My father was a U.S. Marshal there some time in the 1880's. His name was C.W. (Charlie) Bowin.

I am writing about Belle Starr. There is one thing not clear in my mind. I've read "small" mention of her sons, but not as Jim and Henry Starr, the name they went by back then. I cannot remember the name of the town near where Jim Starr was killed when the marshal stopped them on the road outside of town for selling whiskey to the Indians. Henry was wounded and captured. In 1914 or 1915 he escaped from the Canyon City, Colorado prison. I read the newspaper accounts of it. Also, some few years later, he was shot and later died from the wound. In both news stories he was identified as the son of Belle Starr. So I'm sure they were Belle Starr's sons. Were they Sam Starr's sons or did they just take that name?

I wonder if there is any place I could get verification of the exact time my father was a U.S. Marshal? He was quarter Indian and stayed with them for some time in Indian Territory. I am 77 years old and enjoy reading stories of pioneer days.

Sincerely,
Mrs. W.M. Hamilton
Rt. 3 Box 176
Henderson, Texas 75652

WESTERN BARBECUES

Dear Sir:

In reference to Maurice Kildare's article about western barbecues, I, in 1957, ate barbecued beef from an underground pit and it was the best beef I ever ate in my life. Whoever the cook was, he sure knew his business. This was on July 4, when they dedicated the town of George Washington, in Grants County, about 12 miles from Quincy, Washington. They now have a post office there. Along with the beef they served hot cherry pie to about 2,000 people. The pie was 8 feet square and about 3 inches deep. It took about 8 men to pull the pie from the outdoor brick oven. I stood on top of the oven and took pictures of everything. Many persons "get in a hurry" when they barbecue large chunks of beef (or other meat) and it's still partly raw when served. This also reminds me of a recipe for making coffee which I believe was composed by that well known western poet, S. Omar Barker. I call it, "Cowboy Coffee".

Boil hard for two hours then into it toss,
The well-rusted shoe from a club-footed hoss.
Gaze into the pot for a few minutes steady,
If the hoss-shoe ain't floatin'
Your coffee ain't ready.

Very truly yours,
Walt Thayer,
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

CUSTER

Dear Sir:

I read with great interest the story in REAL WEST, September issue: "Did Custer's Battalion Run Out of Ammunition", by Georg Wenzel Schneider-Wettengel. After having read dozens of books on the battle on the Little Big Horn, both the Indian and white version, I find that most agreed that Custer's soldiers not only ran out of ammunition, because their horses with full saddle-bags were early stampeded by the Indians, but also there was plenty of evidence later that the ammunition got jammed in the inferior guns they had to use, which made them useless.

Sincerely,
Mr. Lyle W. Larson
126 Black Butte Road, Rte. 1
Weed, Calif. 96034

SEARCHING FOR NEWS OF WILLIAM HENRY VANDEVEER

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy reading your magazine, REAL WEST. I have been trying to locate relatives of my father or someone who might have known the Vandeveers. My father, William Henry Vandeveer, was born July 5, 1879 somewhere in Kansas at a place called Ellenwood or Elmwood. His mother died while he was very young. He had two brothers, Lon and John. A few years later his father was killed in some kind of machinery during a wheat harvest. The children stayed wherever they could for awhile. The younger brother, John, was lost from them and was never heard of again. I would appreciate any information about them your readers might have.

Sincerely,
Clyde W. Vandeveer
Box 282
Calvin, Oklahoma 74531

WANTS WANTED POSTERS

Gentlemen:

We have a general store in Canadian cattle country, log cabin construction, and we would like to purchase "wanted" posters of famous outlaws. We know they are reproduced but do not know the printer. We desire to display them outside our store as well as for sale. Your kind help in locating the source of these posters would be most appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
Riske Creek General Store
Riske Creek, B.C., Canada

Maybe one of our readers can come to your aid. ●RW

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Take the afternoon off . . . EVERY afternoon!

a surprisingly simple way to get

"Out of the Rat Race

(and into the chips!)" by Hubert Simon

Betty says I was never meant to be a businessman. My lawyer, accountant, analyst and son-in-law all agree (with unnecessary enthusiasm).

Nonetheless, we now own an air-conditioned split-level home and his-and-hers cars. We've been to Europe 14 times in eight years, and criss-crossed the Caribbean.

(Before all this, we'd go to New Hampshire in a beat-up old Plymouth, to sponge on the relatives.) Nowadays it's mink coat, wine cellar and gourmet dinners for 8 (including the relatives, thank you) without turning a hair.

All this, working HALF the time you wage slaves do. *(And enjoying it twice as much.)*

People who knew me 'when' whisper, *how did HE ever do it?*

Actually, I have no monopoly on the idea; others have struck the same little 'gold-mine'. (I'll tell you about some of them who put me to shame.)

Let me ask: do you equate 'escape' with 'sacrifice'? I don't! Not any more. *Once you are on track,* you realize that people glued to payrolls are just making it for somebody else.

You CAN start this without leaving your job. You CAN try it out before you burn any bridges. And you can ask those perceptive questions:

"How much capital would I need?"

In 1942, I was a rear-rank buck private at Ft. Monmouth, N. J., earning $21 a month, less deductions. I started this on my own time — nights and weekends. True, I had $200 in the sock, but that also had to cover cigars, beer, nylons — everything. (You don't need 'capital'.)

"Why are you giving away the keys to the kingdom? And if it's so simple, why isn't everybody rich?"

Betty swears I have more fun *writing* about this than doing it! (Writing about it is also profitable.) Actually, hundreds of others have discerned the same little secret and *are* doing it. I believe far more people could, should and would . . . if they just knew how.

"What exactly will you send me? I've 'had' all that inspirational malarkey."

So have I. Let's forget Horatio Alger and deal in specifics. For example:

- Can you do 3 days' work that will bring in $92,000? *(I did, and I'll show you how.)*
- My checklist of 5 essentials for a 'winner'.
- What I obtained for $37 that brought in $26,000 *(and how you can adapt the same procedure.)*
- Three key words that helped an Italian immigrant in Pelham, N.Y. amass $300,000.
- Why 92 out of 100 'amateurs' never get to first base, until . . .
- How to get STARTED (without that one little stumbling block).

Of course, it's not ALL peaches and cream. We make mistakes. Some days it rains. I can't *promise* that you'll be a rich man. (But you certainly can LIVE like one!)

And I *do* guarantee this: the *pleasure* will begin long before you kiss the boss goodbye. You won't be *bored*. The gratification of seeing your own 'flower' grow is half the fun. Not to mention the ease-up of *tension* . . . the freedom of working *when you feel like it.* (Once you have it, the Money becomes less Sacred.)

Nothing I ever did was so downright exciting as that flush of pure joy the first time I realized we were *'in'*. That really hit home! Don't pass through without giving yourself a chance to experience that thrill.

How about it? Why not stop jumping every time the phone rings? Why not get old J.B.'s frown out of your nightmares? PAY THOSE *!#% BILLS! Take the afternoon off . . . *every* afternoon!

Sounds too good? I've been doing it for 23 years. I'm betting you can, too. Why not let me prove it?

$1,000 worth . . . for only $10?

Perhaps you think this is just a "gimmick"? But it's not.

Actually, my fees for *personal* counsel are out of sight. If you want it straight from the horse's mouth, bring along $1,000 . . . plus travel expenses.

But why bother? *The identical information,* in an ordinary gray cover, is only $10. It won't win artistic awards, but if what's inside doesn't knock you out, return it within 30 days and get back *your own uncashed check.* (No questions.)

Do You Qualify?

When people ask, "What training do you need?" I recall Somerset Maugham's story, "The Verger", about a janitor who used to clean St. Peter's Church until a young Vicar discovered that he was illiterate, and fired him.

Jobless, the man invested his meager savings in a tiny tobacco shop, where he prospered, bought another, expanded, and ended up with a chain worth $150,000.

One day his banker said, "You've done well for an illiterate, but where would you be if you could *read and write?*"

"Well," he said, "I'd be janitor of St. Peter's Church in Neville Square."

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I won't deposit your check or money order for 30 days. (Digest, appraise, TRY this. PROVE that it really can be.) Then, if you wish, just return it and get back your own $10 check.

Hubert Simon
1280 Saw Mill River Rd.
Yonkers, N.Y. 10710

All right, Hubert, I'll take that bet. Send "Out of the Rat Race (and Into the Chips!") *But don't deposit my check yet.*

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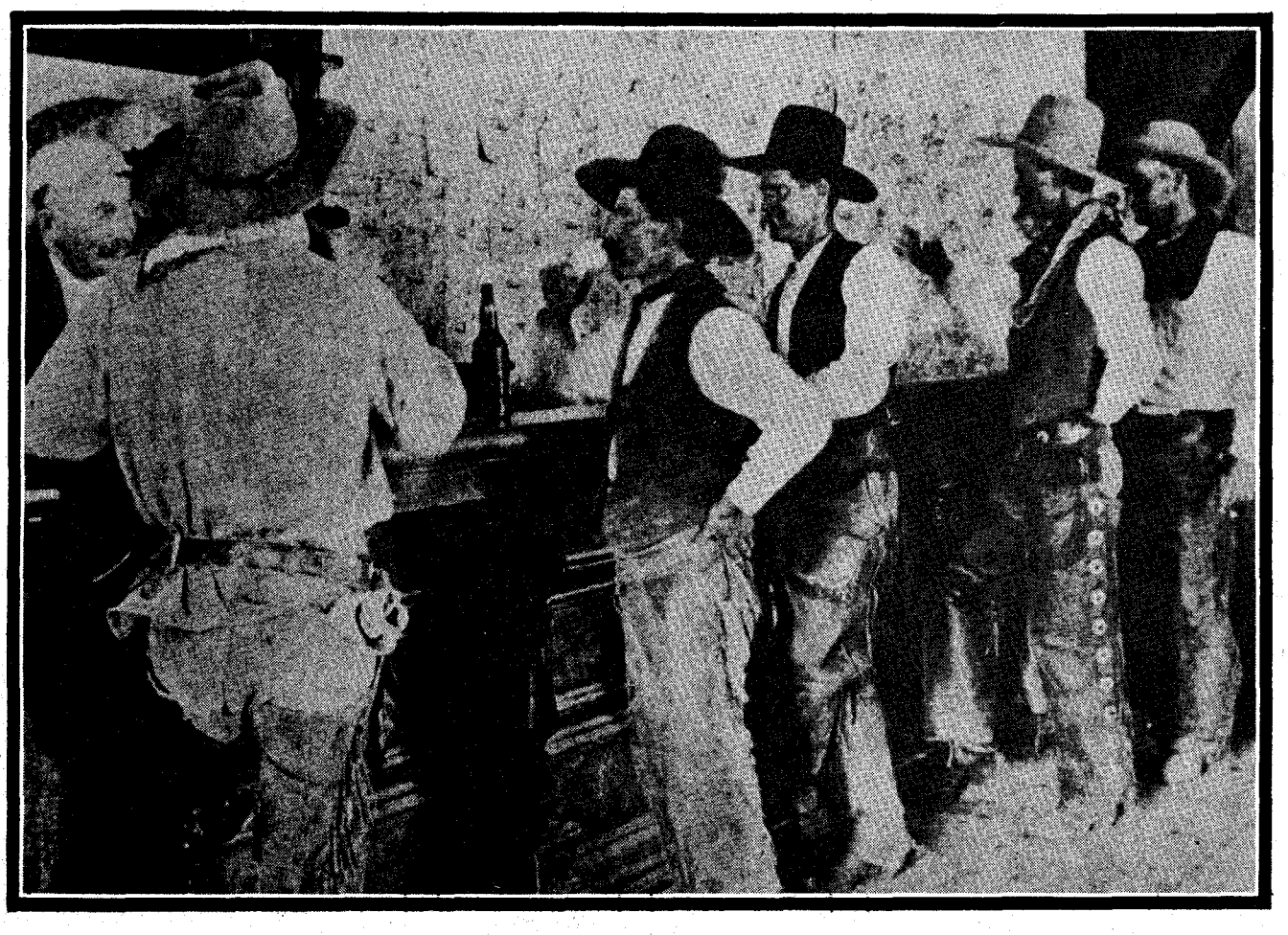
HELLACIOUS CATFISH KID

COVER STORY

By Maurice Kildare

Gough was in a Mobeetie, Texas, saloon where a buffalo hunter crowded him some and got three slugs in the whiskers. Gough liked killing men, catching catfish and eating them in that order. This was what earned him the nickname "The Hellacious Catfish Kid."



From the author's photo collection

One of the many saloon bars in Tascosa

A burly buffalo hunter in town from the Staked Plains deliberately shoved into the side of a bar customer on his right. Young John B. Gough had his glass of snakehead spilled.

The tough buffaloer turned on him snarling, "What's the matter, you bastard? If there ain't enough room at this bar, you'd better scatter!"

Promptly drawing his right holstered gun from leather, Gough sent three bullets smashing through the hairy face before him. Lifting his left side gun at the same time, he eyed bystanders coldly. They were also buffalo hide hunters and might take up where the one crumpled on the floor left off.

No untoward action came from the bunch, only cold-eyed stares of pure hatred. Blowing gray smoke from his gun muzzle, he reloaded. Going outside, he mounted his horse (tied to the pole hitching rail) and departed Mobeetie, Texas in a considerable hurry.

Where he disappeared to was never known. Three years later he showed up in Tascosa. At first he behaved himself

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evasively. Few people hardly knew he was around the Canadian River supply point for the big cattle ranches in northwest Texas.

Before making connections with a local rustler gang, he loafed and spent many an afternoon catching catfish in deep river holes. He cooked and ate them in a one-room adobe cabin on the town's northern edge. For this proclivity and lack of a name he was dubbed the "Catfish Kid".

Beetle browed, shifty eyes in a harsh face, Catfish Kid did not make friends easily. Something about his countenance repelled people. One of the men he met in Tascosa was Lem Woodruff. Bartender in the Jenkins and Dunn saloon, he seemed to cotton to him.

Maybe it was because Catfish Kid seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of gold money, although he never splurged. He drank just so much and gambled very little.

The fact that he packed two low-slung .45's caused adverse comment behind his back. Four months elapsed before anyone tried finding out whether or not he could use them, or whether they were merely for show.

On paydays cowboys came to town in droves. The big outfits hired large crews, like the HAT, LS, XIT, Le Bar CC, Trukey Track, Scissors, Shoe Bar, Lazy F, JS and the Matador.

Usually they partially liquored themselves uptown before going across the line to Hogtown. Separated from the business section by a rutty road, there had been established an area of bordellos and dance halls. The female denizens were known by such popular cognomens as Mustang Mae, Boxcar Jane, Ragtime Annie, Fickle Flossie, Splay Foot Lil, Big Butt Callie, Panhandle Nan, Grey Mare and so on.

Facing the road on the Hogtown side was a sign reading, "NO SHOOTING BEYOND THIS LINE." There was a gun parking ordinance uptown but seldom adhered to. Not unless so many ranch crews were in, that drunken shooting scrapes were absolutely certain. Tascosa had plenty of them, as the seat of Oldham County owned a bad reputation for harboring desperados.

On a payday Saturday, Catfish Kid crossed the line into Hogtown early in the evening. As he did so, ten LIT cowboys thundered down the road, whooping and shooting off their guns. Beyond him they separated for various favored bordellos.

He entered Frankie Gray's place, a combined saloon and dancehall. The long bar stood up front. The dancing floor was in the rear where stringed music filled the stale air.

The bar was packed with men. Most were freighters in from New Mexico that day with loads of goods for the merchants. Not crowding in among them, Catfish Kid took the open end of the bar next to the front wall.

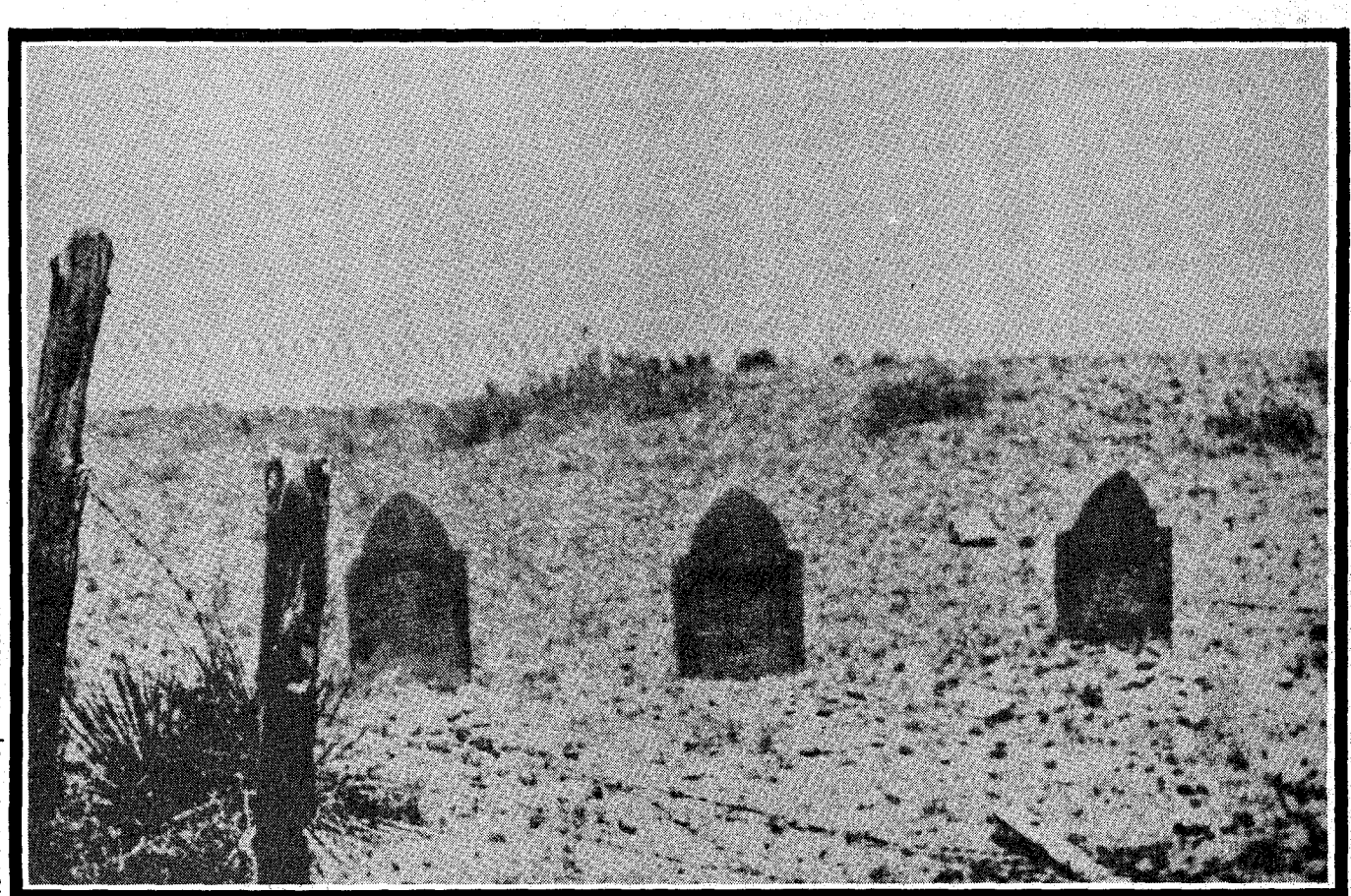
He toyed with a drink when a short, chunky and massively whiskered freighter turned away from the bar. After two steps he halted, surveying Catfish Kid owlishly. His two guns were plainly visible below a short denim jacket.

"A two gun packer!" the freighter sneered. "Boys!" he yelled to be heard above rancorous music in back. "Have a look at this dude. Two guns, haw!"

Three men turned out from the bar behind him.

One chortled, "Where you reckon the varmint got them? Stole them guns maybe!"

While they ridiculed him further, Catfish Kid eased unnoticed away from the bar end, far enough to clear his right gun away from them. A crashing bullet fight was in the making, signs he recognized from long experience.



From the author's photo collection

The graves of Valley, King and Chilton in Tascosa's boothill.

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"Just a show-off," the freighter declared. "Thinks he's scaring fellers with so much hardware. Reckon we ought to see if he can use them?"

As if that was a signal, the four produced sixguns from under coats as one. Only the watching bartender saw what actually happened. Before the four could thumb off a single bullet, the freighter and another toppled floorward, dead. The other two, badly wounded, lost their guns, staggering to the bar for support.

As the blasting shots (sounding almost like one) echoed away, the music and dancing stopped abruptly.

A deputy sheriff who had been wandering around in Hogtown came running through the door and stood gaping a moment at the bodies. His eyes lifted to the wounded and questioningly at the bartender who inclined his head at Catfish Kid. By then his guns were leathered.

"You shot them?" the deputy demanded.

Catfish Kid nodded at the bartender. "He'll tell you they jumped me."

The bartender, still stunned by the speed of those guns, described what happened. Clearly a case of self-defense. Snorting through his nose, the deputy sheriff departed.

Catfish Kid went uptown to Jenkins and Dunn's saloon where he talked briefly with Woodruff.

Tascosa now knew Catfish Kid was no phony gunfighter; he was deadly with his guns.

A week later, Woodruff knocked him down to the brothers Charles and Tom Emory, Louis Bousman and "Nigger" Bob. The latter was known by no other name, so called because of a dark skin.

The four were slit eyed, untalkative hardcases who studied Catfish Kid intently. They all had a few drinks together before the quartet departed as quietly as they arrived. Obviously, they did not want to attract public attention.

After their going, Woodruff said, "Any time you want to make a raise I can fix it with them."

Catfish Kid only shrugged. Woodruff had finally concluded that he wore those two guns for sufficient reasons. He was an outlaw on the dodge, and likely his gold money came from robberies.

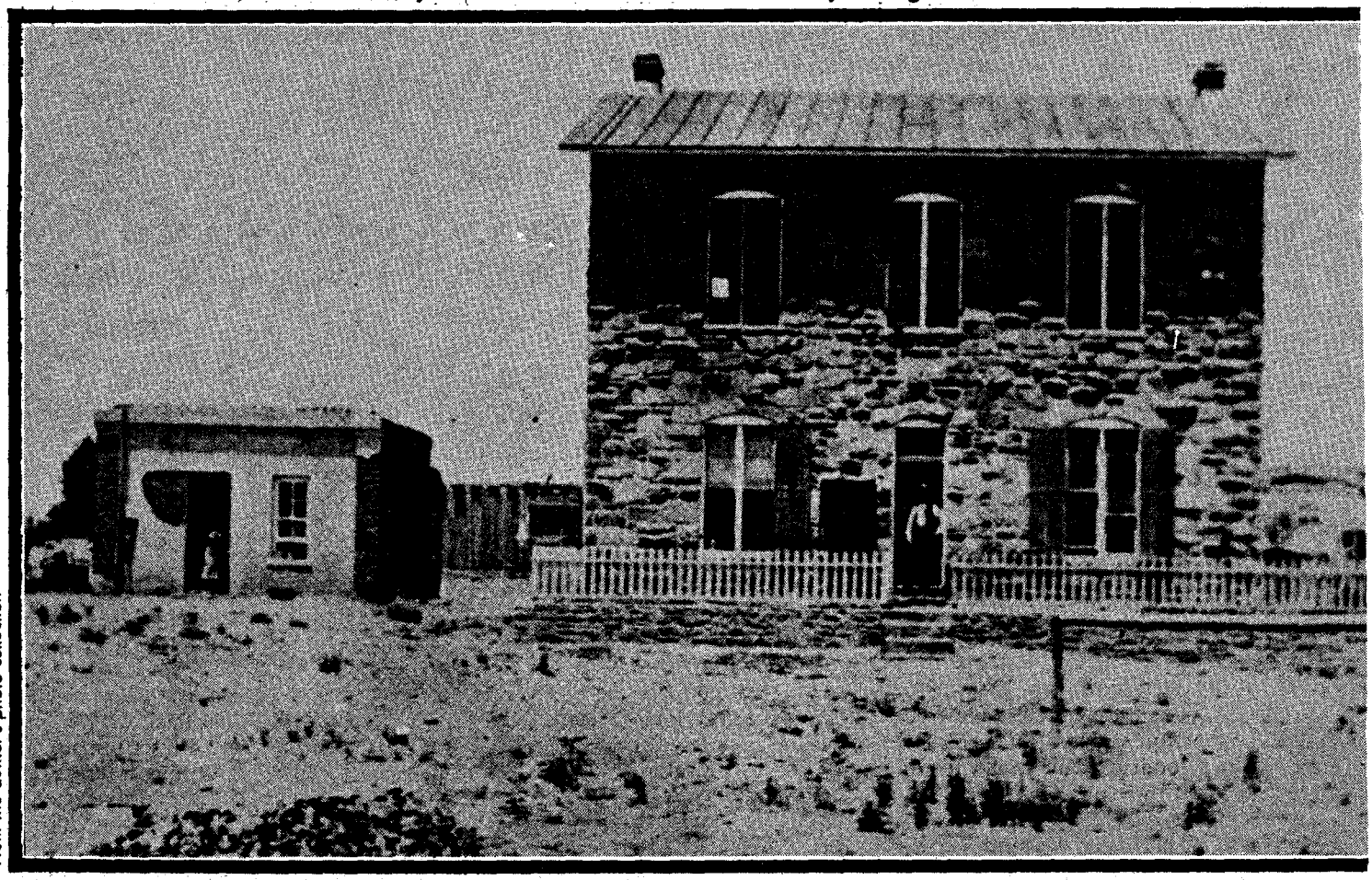
Woodruff was sure of it later on when Catfish Kid allowed one day that maybe he could stand a little action if it was the right kind. Undoubtedly, he more than suspected what business the four engaged in.

No holdups had been reported during his stay in Tascosa. But stock thieves were running cattle off ranges of the big cattlemen in droves.

After meeting the four a few times more, he was soon riding with them. They turned out to be a slick operating gang, with no less than Woodruff doing the brain work. After positioning themselves on cattle watch, they waited over during daylight hours and in the middle of the night swooped down. Bunches of rustled cattle were driven into New Mexico.

Woodruff had already sold them to some sneaky buyer. That was where his usefulness came in; he had the necessary connections. He even took orders for beef to be delivered to slaughterhouses in New Mexican towns. No questions were asked, and sales were readily made where the price was cheap.

Running cattle from his big ranch in Palo Duro Canyon, Colonel Charles Goodnight hated livestock thieves worse than any man. He organized the first Texas Cat-



From the author's photo collection

Oldham County court house and jail in old Tascosa.

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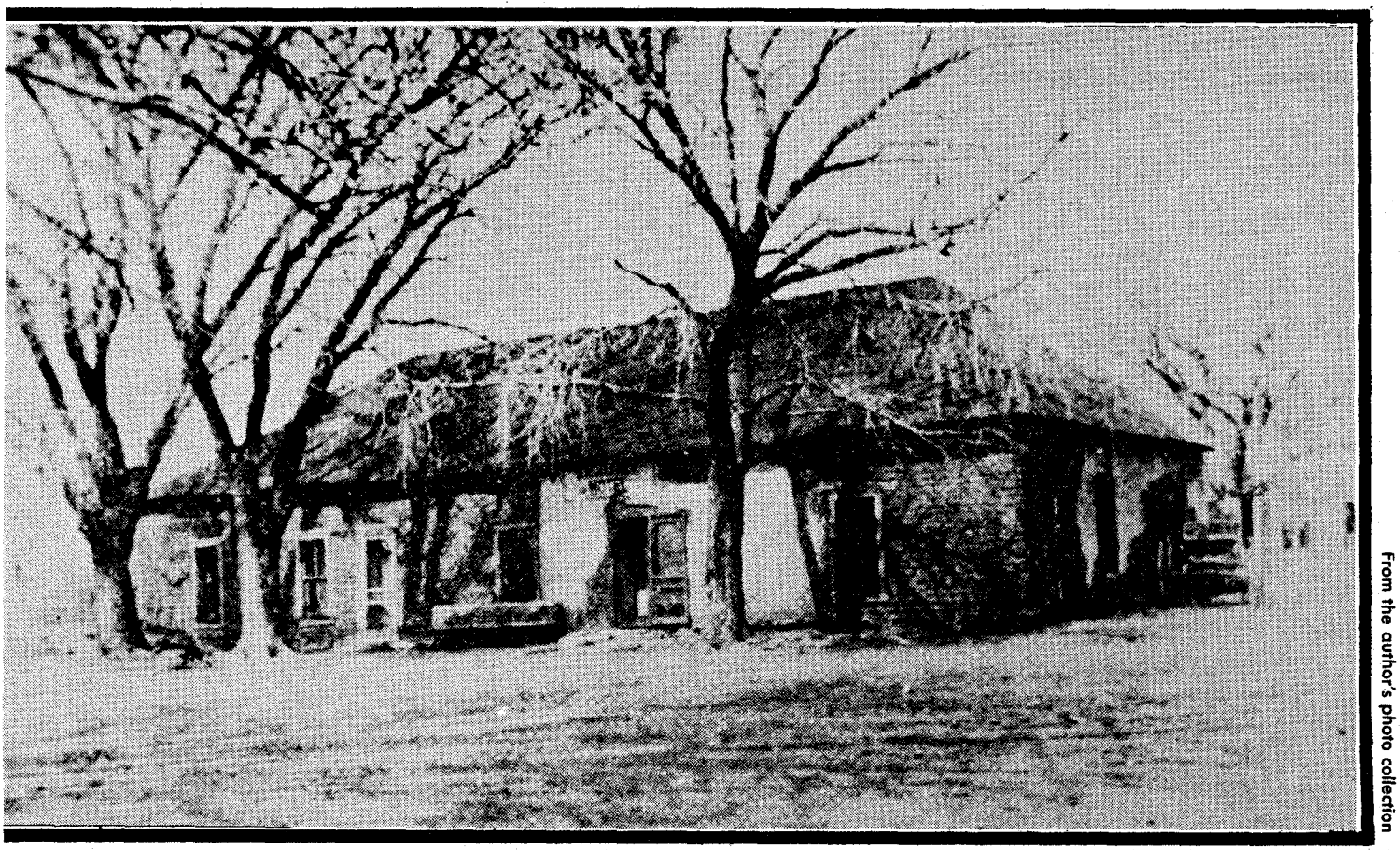

From the author's photo collection

The old Exchange Hotel and saloon at Tascosa.

tlemens' Association. Range detectives and special undercover officers were hired to hunt them down. Especially were they after the murderous, non-organized variety known as maverickers.

Two of Goodnight's best detectives were found shot dead. From ground signs it was deduced that they had watched thieves driving off a bunch of cattle owned by Goodnight. They overhauled the thieves and probably tried to arrest them. Their saddled horses had disappeared and were never found. By the time these facts became known, the stolen cattle were already sold and butchered.

Evidence pointed to what was to be briefly called the Emory gang. It wasn't known until almost a year later that Woodruff actually ramrodded it.

Pete Fulton from Springer, New Mexico came to Tascosa to remain permanently, because Catfish Kid soon killed him.

None of the gang knew what connection existed between him and Woodruff who began turning most of their business over to him. He rode with them, helped steal cattle and collected the money on the spot.

It might have been that Woodruff's new light o' love cost more money than most. She was a dancehall girl named Sally, at least she said that was her name. On arrival in Tascosa she took the surname of Emory, not in any way related to Charles and Tom.

Woodruff claimed that with six men in the gang they could split in half and double their income. Two bunches of cattle could be run into New Mexico during each operation. Fulton also paid off shares of the others, supposedly on instructions from Woodruff. This arrangement would shortly bring on bad trouble for him. Before it did, Tascosa's biggest and most lurid gunfight produced a night of horror.

When he took up with Sally, Woodruff moved in with her on Spring Street. They got along amicably for several months. Then, for some reason, she became picky and demanding.

Woodruff grumbled, "You'd almost think we was married." After several long arguments he moved back to a formerly occupied room in the saloon building. Actually, he only held the job in order to gain information for the gang and keep an ear tuned for rumblings of danger from cattlemen.

Sally wasn't lonely long, taking up with big Ed King, range foreman for the LS ranch.

The tall, black headed and handsome Woodruff spilled no tears over losing Sally. He usually had his pick of women, especially her type. A couple of weeks after the split up he took over the buxom woman appropriately called "Rocking Chair" Emma.

On learning of this liaison, Sally blew her pretty top. That was curious because *she* made the break with Woodruff. But angry she was, making threats that something terrible would soon happen to Emma or Woodruff, and maybe to both.

King was a gunfighter, afraid of no man or anything else. Getting him half drunk one night, he was easily persuaded into agreeing to kill Woodruff.

The deed would be easy, Woodruff being no shakes with a sixgun. But King was smart enough to know that the shooting must appear as an act of self-defense. The new county sherrif, James East, was getting tough about indiscriminate killings. Casual shootings were no longer abided by. The culprits were soon in the stone jail adjacent to the two-story courthouse.

Sally said that she would set the scheme in motion, placing Wood-

(continued on page 14)

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180166 TAMMY WYNETTE'S GREATEST HITS
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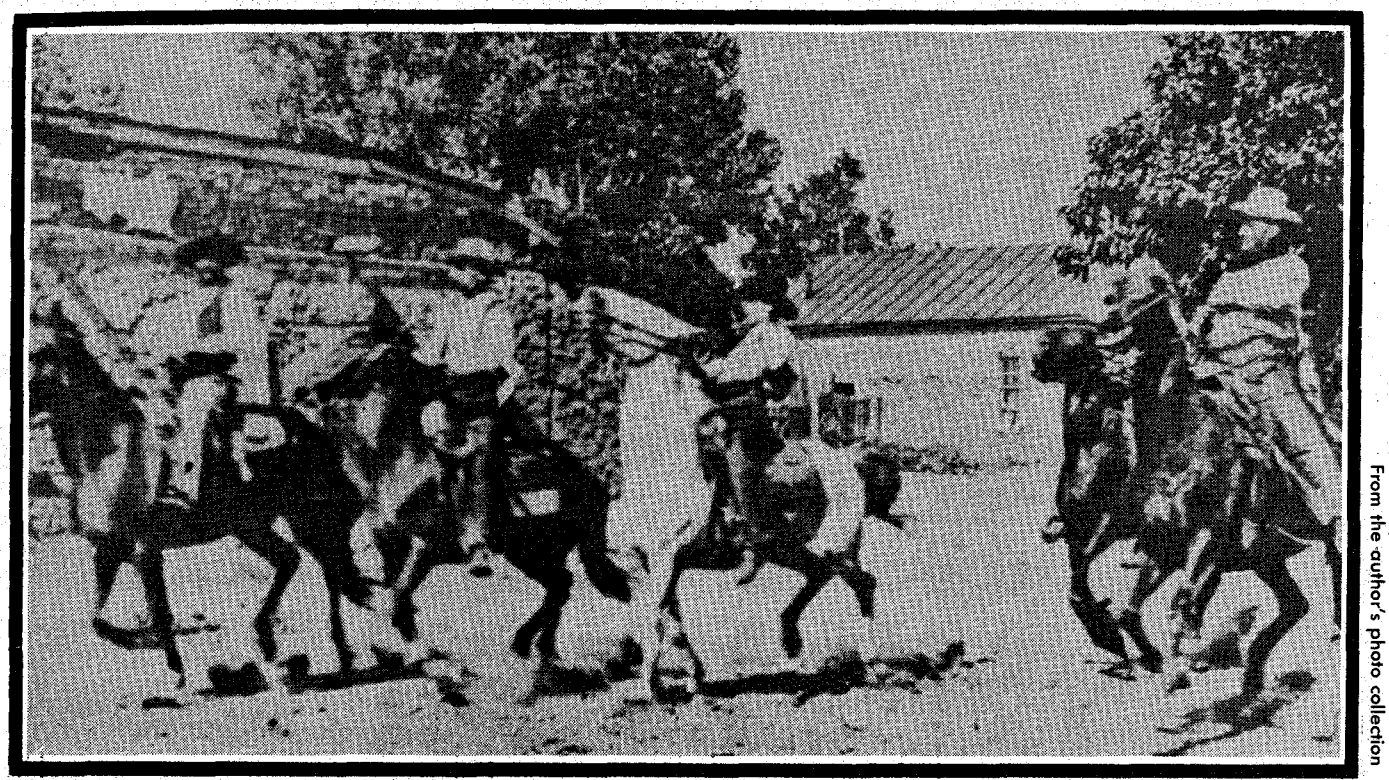

From the author's photo collection

Wild cowboys riding into town.

ruff in a position to be killed under the absolving circumstances. Just how she contrived this was never known, but she sent King a note by special messenger to the range camp where he worked. Woodruff would be placed handy for killing on the night of March 20, 1887.

That night after sundown, King rode into town accompanied by Frank Valley, Fred Chilton and John Lang. Apparently the cowboys were unaware of the planned shooting. Chilton and Valley drew rein before Button Griffith's saloon and tied up.

King and Lang rode on down Main Street to the Exchange Hotel and Saloon. While he dismounted, Sally emerged from the Exchange where she had been waiting for him. While they stood whispering together, Lang took over tying up.

By some means Woodruff had learned that King was coming in that night to kill him. Wary, he was on watch, seeing the four ride past the Jenkins and Dunn saloon. Handing his apron to an assistant, he slipped out the back door. Loitering behind the building were Catfish Kid, the Emory brothers, Bousman and Nigger Bob.

Pausing to talk only briefly, the bunch stole through night shadows around the building for Main Street. As they reached it, on the side a single shot crashed.

The killing of King had suddenly been taken out of their hands.

King and Sally had started walking slowly away from the Exchange, passing close to Jenkins and Dunn's place when a scurvy remark was hurled from a standing crowd of men.

The never identified voice said, "I see that cheap whore has cabbaged onto another sucker."

Wheeling away to clear Sally from harm, King proved very careless for the gunfighter he was reputed to be. The bullet from the crowd knocked him down. Falling face to the ground, he rolled over on his back trying to get his gun out and died.

Not twenty feet away, Woodruff left the side wall of the building in time to see King fall. Rushing over to the body, he aimed a carbine rifle and shot him once through the head.

The customers inside the Jenkins and Dunn saloon had come out onto the street, attracted by the shot. While a crowd milled about, Woodruff led his gang inside, locked the front door and turned out the oil lamps.

Down the street, Lang turned on hearing the shot. He saw King pitch to the ground in the faint saloon light before the lamps were extinguished. Wheeling, he sped to Button Griffith's for Chilton and Valley.

"Come on, boys!" he cried. "They done killed Ed but we'll get them!"

Their cartridge belts and guns were retrieved from the bartender. The three ran outside and down the street towards the then lightless saloon.

Meanwhile, and for no perceivable reason, Woodruff and his gang had come around from the rear of the building. Emerging into the open, they halted on the far side of the crowd where King's body lay in the dirt. As was afterwards stated in court, they did not approach the shooting site with the intention of killing King's friends. They were not part of the scheme to get Woodruff. Besides, some never identified the man killed as King.

The three LS cowboys saw them through the bluish night and slowed down. Advancing to within effective sixgun range, they opened fire suddenly, despite the fact bystanders might be hit.

Hot lead flew wild about the gang, mostly overhead. Woodruff led them back to the saloon building over Catfish Kid's objections that they should stand and fight.

At the corner Woodruff said, "All right, give it to them!" and wheeled around to the street side. As the gang opened fire on the cowboys, they lowered their aim and poured lead at them from flashing guns.

Woodruff was wounded twice before the gang could retreat safely around the corner from the concentrated blast. Charles Emory was

(continued on page 58)

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COVER STORY

AMBROSE BIERCE The Scribe Of Satan

Newspapermen are often portrayed as bitter, cynical, and no respecters of their fellow men but Ambrose Bierce possessed all these characteristics to a ridiculous degree. When he wrote, he kept a human skull, a loaded pistol, and the ashes of a close relative in a cigar box on his desk. He hated his fellow man and was cordially hated in return!

By William Wingfield

Courtesy Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery

Ambrose Bierce, "The Edgar Allan Poe of California".

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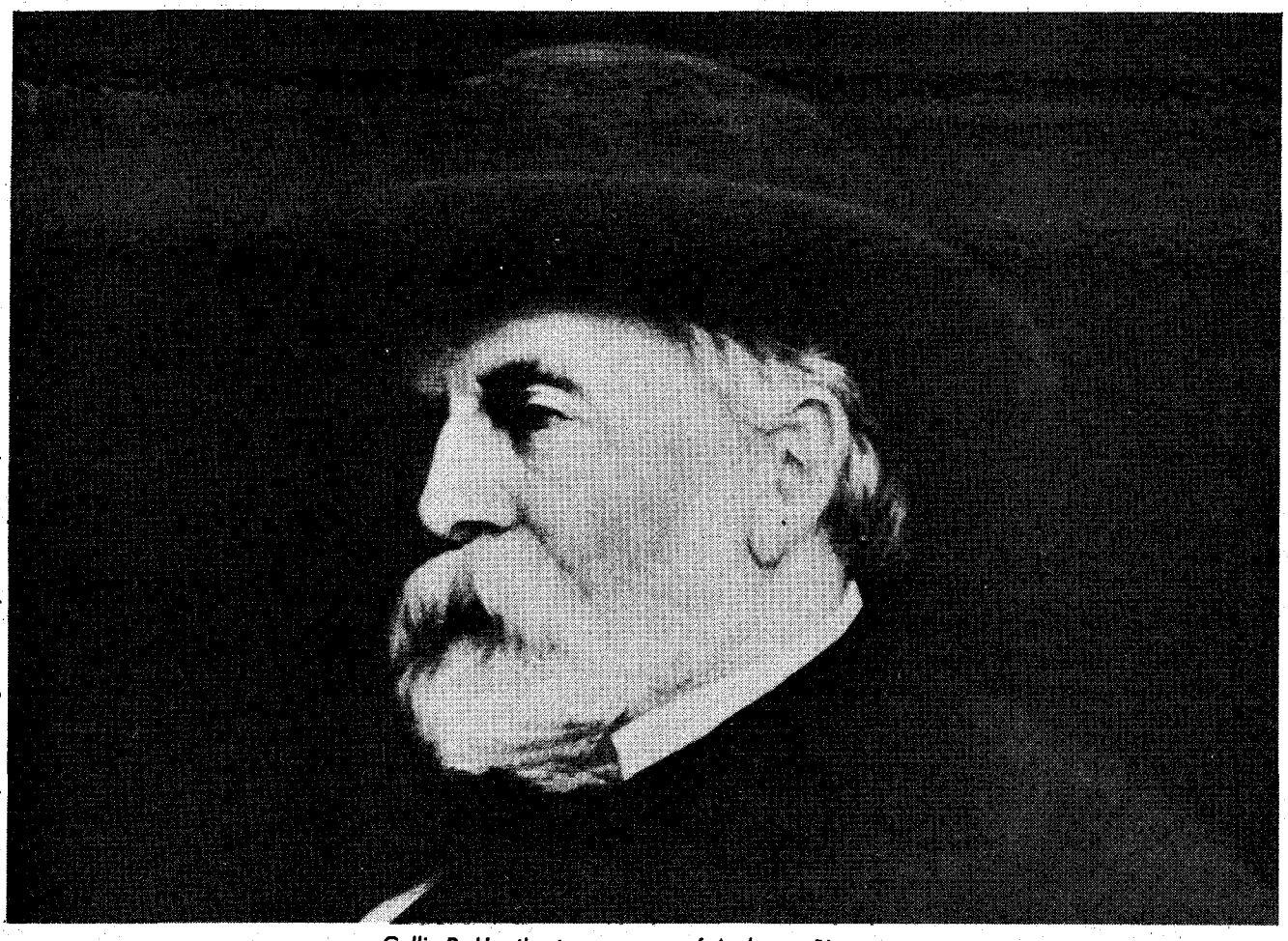

Courtesy Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery

Collis P. Huntington, enemy of Ambrose Bierce.

Looking at the crowds and crowds of people in San Francisco, Ambrose Bierce grouched that he wished he had a machine gun.

When he wrote, he kept a human skull and a loaded pistol on his desk. He told his fellow iconoclast, H.L. Mencken, that he also kept the ashes of a close relative on his desk in a cigar box.

He touched off national outrage with a poem calling for the murder of the President of the United States.

During a stroll from bar to bar, he fell asleep propped up against a tombstone in a San Francisco cemetery. The dank, San Francisco fogs aggravated his chronic asthma to a point where he never recovered and further increased his misanthropy.

His final act of life, totally vanishing after reputedly joining Pancho Villa in Mexico, confirmed him as a national legend.

However, there is little question that he thoroughly enjoyed his misanthropy and thoroughly delighted in hurling shafts of bitter wit and sarcasm at the people he chose for his enemies.

He also thoroughly enjoyed strutting about San Francisco with erect military bearing, carrying a loaded pistol. He never let people forget that he had been a major in the U.S. Army and a hero in the Civil War. All he lacked was a swagger stick. He reveled in the role of "town character" in boom-town, frontier San Francisco.

In many ways Ambrose Bierce was the archetypical newspaperman of the American West — opinionated, grouchy, crusty, always spoiling for an argument. The difference was that Ambrose Bierce was a genius who became nationally famous.

His moody, brooding Civil War and ghost stories earned him the title of "The Edgar Allan Poe of California".

San Franciscans called him "Bitter Bierce", "Diabolical Bierce", "The Devil's Disciple", "The Wickedest Man In San Francisco", and "The Best Hated Man In San Francisco". His arrogant style of writing, coupled with the fact that he originally wrote under the by-line "A.G. Bierce", led one critic to call him "Almighty God Bierce".

Of course, Bierce had another view. He thought he wasn't "The Devil's Disciple" or "The Scribe of Satan". He thought he was on the side of righteousness. Despite his self-assumed role as "the village atheist", he felt he was one with the Jesus who drove the money changers out of the Temple. It was his enemies, according to Ambrose Bierce, who were the servants of Satan. His enemies, however, included just about everyone of any prominence in San Francisco; and they certainly thought Bierce was in league with The Devil.

Delusions of grandeur came naturally to Ambrose Bierce from his family in Ohio and Indiana, while his bitterness and acerbity obviously derived from his inability to live up to his own expectations.

His father and his father's brother were both named for two of the greatest Roman emperors who were co-rulers at the very height of the Roman Empire. His father was named Marcus Aurelius Bierce, while his uncle was named Lucius Verus Bierce. One of Ambrose's brothers was named Augustus.

While his father barely scraped out a living from Ohio and Indiana soil, the uncle was a general and an extremely colorful character. General Bierce once tried to lead an invasion of Canada, and he also became mayor of Akron. The general became Ambrose's ideal.

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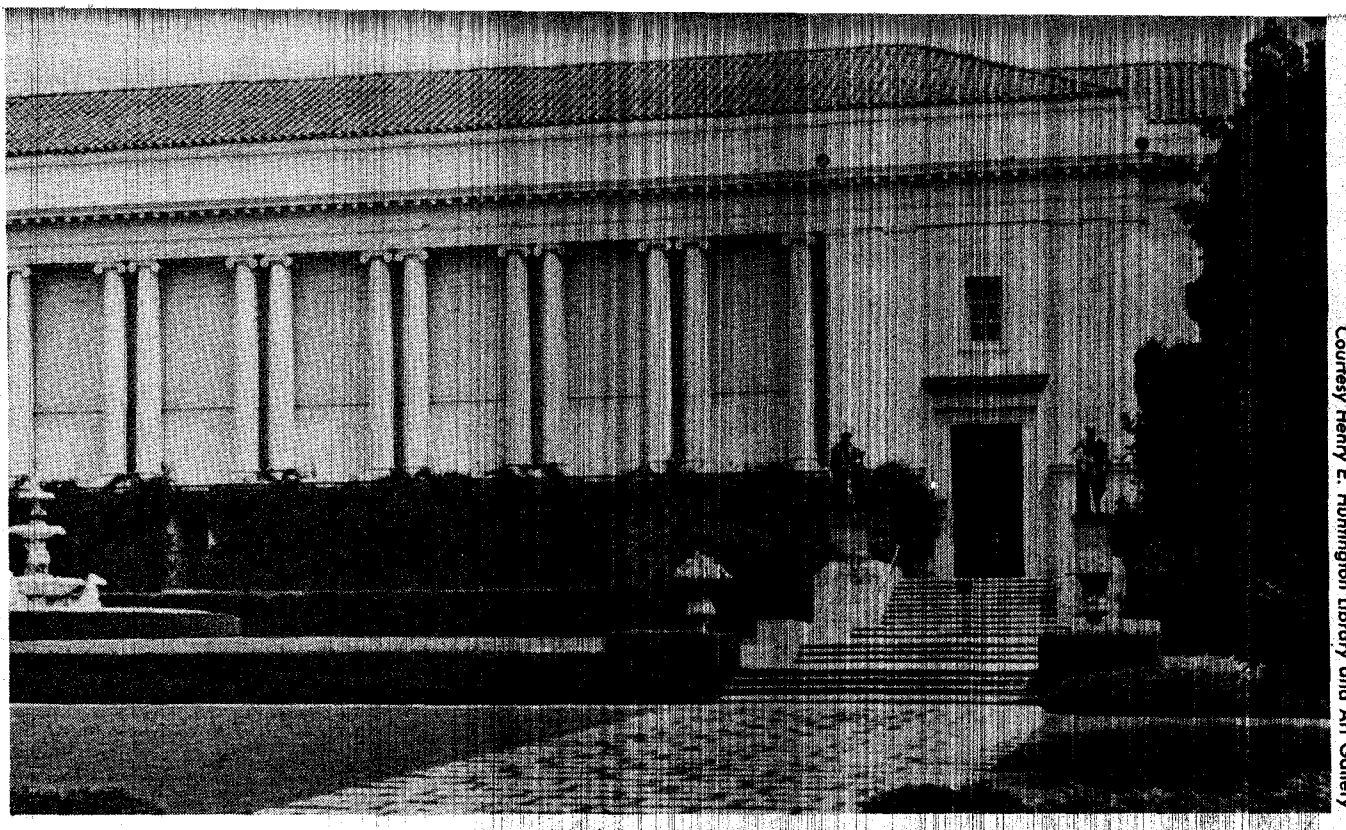

Courtesy Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery

The Huntington Library which houses the Ambrose Bierce manuscripts.

Formative reading for the young boy included the works of Lord Byron, the moody, brooding poet who drank wine from human skulls in Sherwood Forest and died leading a revolution in Greece.

The squalor of his early life also marked him with its ironic contrast to his dreams. He seemed headed for the same sort of failure as his father. He worked in a brickyard, as a typesetter, and as a handy-boy in a saloon. Mere chance and coincidence lifted him from this seemingly destined life of dreariness.

In a moment of munificence General Bierce paid the boy's way to Kentucky Military Academy. Then the Civil War broke out.

The moody, solitary young Ambrose was the second man in his home county to enlist in the U.S. Army. His training at the military academy made him a natural leader of men. He always said that the Army had been the highest and happiest point of his life. He always sought to the very end of his life to continue to play soldier.

He got into battle at the very start of the war and was frequently cited for bravery throughout the war. In West Virginia, at one of the very first battles, he ran within 15 yards of the Confederate lines to rescue and bring back unaided a comrade wounded by the Southerners. At Corinth, he was given a battlefield commission as a second lieutenant for risking his life to draw away enemy fire. At Kenesaw Mountain, he was wounded in the head and nearly died through lack of medical attention. He was at Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Murfreesboro, some of the Civil War's bloodiest battles.

Personal courage, demonstrated leadership in battle, and training at Kentucky Military Academy led to his becoming a member of the staff of Gen. W.B. Hazen as cartographer or map-maker. This was a particularly hazardous assignment since it required scouting out the terrain held by the enemy.

Despite enthusiasm over the combined unreality and super-reality of battle which he conveyed in many of his future stories, he also came to share his commanding general's bitterness against other generals, especially Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Hazen and Bierce often brooded bitterly together over the obvious fact that so many generals saw the war only as a path to postwar political power. Other generals seemed to think only of making themselves famous.

Bierce's own sourness was further increased by his receiving the traditional "Dear John" from his girl back in Indiana.

At the conclusion of the war, Bierce was awarded the brevet rank of major by Act of Congress. If he had his way, he would have stayed in the Army, but peacetime America had little use at the moment for even such a distinguished or honored soldier.

Instead, he became a U.S. Treasury agent stationed in Selma, Ala., for the "Reconstruction".

"Reconstruction", particularly in Selma, was another disillusionment for Bierce. Like many cynics, Bierce was fundamentally an idealist. The sight of so many professed "humanitarians" and "emancipators" jumping to the chance to feather their own nests could not help but disgust him. The greed of carpetbaggers only left him with distaste at their blatant hypocrisy and more sympathy for the defeated South. In later years, he said he had fought on the wrong side.

At last, General Hazen rescued him from this slough of despair and brought him to San Francisco.

General Hazen had been ordered by the War Department to head up an expedition to survey the fast-opening West between Nebraska and California. Bierce jumped at the offer to join him. Hazen promised to do what he could to get Bierce a permanent commission in the Army.

The expedition went right through Indian territory. Bierce, Hazen and other party members felt constant uneasiness that the Indians might attack by stealth at night. Often they heard Indians signalling each other in the night. The only scalping they suffered, however, was when a buffalo tried to eat the hair of a sleeping teamster.

(continued on page 54)

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THE DAYS THAT WERE

By John R. Winslowe

Photo from the author's collection

The vivid recollections of a man who grew up in the marvelous years before World War I in Winslow, Arizona. They staged a circus, naturally named "The Greatest Show On Earth", complete with lions, wild horses, sharpshooters, Billy Woods imitating Charley Chaplin and a host of other goodies. Maybe it really was the greatest show on earth!

Three of Melvin's cousins who dunked him.

The band played loudly, the lions roared with blood chilling ferociousness, and occasionally the cannons blasted on the crisp fall air. Above this medley of sound, a somewhat smudged canvas heralded THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH AND WILD ANIMAL MENAGERIE.

It was very exciting, something that attracted kids from over half of Winslow, Arizona back before World War I. For the admission of 1¢ they could view the wonders inside the tents and watch the acts of "world renowned" performers.

The band consisted of a small girl beating the bottom of a wash tub, another running a round stick over a wash board, Billy Woods blowing a tune on his trumpet and Kathrin La Chance trying to get music out of a French harp.

The "lions" were one ring-necked collie dog, a black and white spaniel and a white Spitz. Most of the time they could be induced to bark by holding up a biscuit. They constituted the entire menagerie. The "cannons" were extra large firecrackers exploded in quart-size fruit canning jars with a heavy brick on top.

The leather puttee-clad master of ceremonies and circus ring director was no less than me. My authority was dignified by wearing a high silk hat, borrowed from Major Shipley across the street on Williamson Avenue, and a snapping buggy whip.

The make-believe circus now would be considered as

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Photo from the author's collection

My assistants operating the "Greatest Show on Earth and Wild Animal Menagerie". Little sister is on the left.

the crummiest of all exhibitions. Yet it fulfilled a need of expression, particularly in dramatics, for kids who were growing up. They learned and acted out their parts with great exuberance.

Looking back to those nearly sixty years ago — days that were — it is unbelievable how times have changed. The simple and exciting things we kids enjoyed have long been gone.

What kid today would be interested in a home grown circus? Not one, for they would consider it stupid. Yet behind this community show produced by kids there existed considerably more than mere homespun stuff. This expression filled a need, providing an experienced outlet for us.

It is done by other means and names today in schools, but it is still not the same salt-of-the-earth foundation for building character.

On exhibit we had the saddle of a Texas ranger killed in a gunfight with Mexican raiders on the Rio Grande. His widow was Mrs. La Chance. Her grown daughter gave the history of what happened when he died serving with Company C under the famous Captain J.H. Rogers.

Looking far back on those days that once were, it is unbelievable; not only are high button shoes and handlebar mustaches gone, but also the immense, simple things that were so enjoyable.

Among our other exhibits was a huge, passenger-car locking device, broken apart in a Santa Fe train wreck, the engineer of which had been my uncle. There were real Indian bows and arrows in a mountain lion skin quiver, and even a Navajo lance that had been carried in battle. The ancient aborigine stone hammers, scrapers, arrow heads and pottery came from a pueblo diggings on the Little Colorado River near town. There was a stuffed Mearns quail, a moth-eaten, mounted coyote and a cow head with horns and skin intact, completely mummified. The cow had frozen to death one winter over in the Tucker Flat country.

The main circus performance was something to behold. My little sister had learned to sing, "Oh, Beautiful City," in church. She rendered one verse — rendered is the proper verb — while the band played softly, all out of tune.

Billy Woods imitated Charley Chaplin, complete with costume and walking cane. He was especially good at this and had won a few prizes at local contests. Katherin sang a song and did a few tumbles attired in long underwear and her older sister's fancy, knee-length bloomers. They were fastened on the leg with a man's pair of gaudily colored sleeve holders that girls of sparking age always managed to swipe from their boy friends.

My school buddy, Melvin Russian, posed as a famous rifle shot of the day, giving an exhibition with a .22 rifle. He hit balls and tin cans tossed into the air, fired from over one shoulder, and did all the professional tricks except shooting off the burning end of a cigarette sticking out of a girl's mouth. They were too young to smoke, which few grown women did in those days, and wouldn't have risked their lives in the feat otherwise.

The lions were brought into the arena ahead of a kid wearing puttees, with a whip and cane-bottomed chair. The tricks accomplished during this act was sitting, rolling over on command, perching on boxes, leaping from one to another, standing on hind feet and barking for a biscuit, and picking out different colored bandanas strung on a wire. But the big lion must have been color-blind because he grabbed the first one he reached. The finale was chasing the kid trainer out of the arena.

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Photo from the author's collection

Some of Melvin's female cousins on the slough rim watching us.

We never did quite produce a trained seal act, having no suitable dog. Acts were added when kids came around with some specialty. One of them was Charley, a big, overgrown Filipino kid.

He appeared first in the grand parade wearing a G-string, his body painted in many colors. Carrying a shield that actually came from the Philippines and a war cap on his head, he beat a drum and chanted some song from his native land. During the main performance, he imitated a calliope in his throat, sang a war song of some tribe, danced and finally stood on his head, limbs outflung.

Our tightrope walker was Edith, Melvin's cousin, and somewhat older than the rest of us. The rope was stretched between stakes about 24 inches off the ground. She was attired in the aforementioned colorful bloomers and a red shimmy, cut short at the waist. She walked the rough rope barefooted with an opened umbrella in each hand.

One other form of entertainment for boys was rabbit hunting. The small red rock mesas near town and the brushy sloughs on the Little Colorado thrived with cottontails. They were small hares, the meat very white and tastier than chicken.

Several of us owning .22 repeating rifles formed a gun club. After school hours we often went hunting. In fact, that particular fall I brought home so many rabbits that mother finally put a stop to it. The family couldn't possibly eat them all, and

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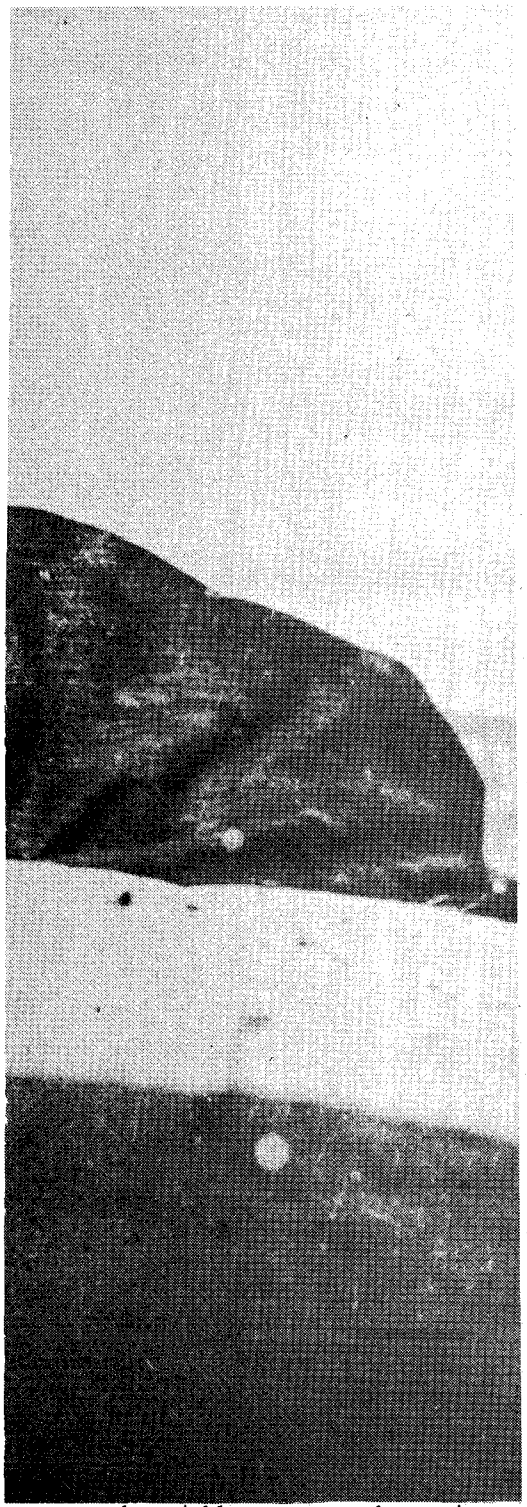

the neighbors soon took on a jaundiced expression when offered more, all nicely cleaned and ready to cook.

Not always were such hunting expeditions prosaic. One Saturday, Melvin and I, the toughest boys in grade school who often cut our initials on wrists with a piece of glass, went on a hunt together. The area was over near the area today known as Bushman Acres. In addition to a rifle, I also carried a box camera along.

Enroute out of town we passed the home of one of his several uncles. The yard was filled with a dozen of his first cousins gathered there from their homes. The girls ranged in age from about eight to the oldest, seventeen. Seeing our rifles, this pack of girls knew we were going hunting.

Immediately they set up a clamor of demands to go along. Melvin didn't want to be bothered and told them to stay home.

We went on with their shrieked protests echoing in our ears. Arriving on the brushy sloughs, with some muddy water in them we hunted along the banks, soon shooting half a dozen rabbits through the heads.

Suddenly, out of nowhere swooped all his female cousins. They had followed, skillfully concealing their approach. Again they begged to accompany us. While a friendly attitude prevailed, I took some pictures. But Melvin arrogantly insisted they return home and let us alone.

Rushing Melvin in great anger, they seized him bodily and tossed him over in a slough into muddy water. Laughing loudly, they apparently departed.

That was a chilly, November day. Melvin extracted himself from the muddy water, shivering. We went on to another one that happened to be partly dry. There he shucked off his muddy, wet garments while I built a small fire for him to warm up and dry out his clothing.

"Smoke will bring them to us," he warned.

"No, this is a smokeless fire," I assured him. "A trick I learned from Navajo Indians at the trading post on the reservation."

Melvin was warmed and his clothing about dry when all the cousins poured over the slough

Melvin Russian on the right.

Photo from the author's collection

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bank.

Grabbing Melvin, naked as he was, they rushed him downstream towards the river to a mud hole and thoroughly plastered him. Then they all ran back towards town, definitely leaving us for good. By the time Melvin was cleaned up again and warm, they had the story telephoned to all their friends in Winslow.

We were laughed at loud and long. How come we let a mere bunch of girls rough up Melvin?

About this time I had a puppy love affair in school with a doctor's daughter. He had been brought to Winslow by the Santa Fe Railroad and practiced in the company hospital. It was a yellow painted, wooden building at west end of the Fred Harvey House on the south side of the tracks.

This affair consisted largely of exchanging admiring looks, with very little communication other than in school. We were in the same 6th grade.

After the turn of the year and with Valentine's Day approaching, I wanted to give her a pretty card. But how to go about it?

Melvin solved the problem but not the unforseen disaster.

He said, "You get the card with a pretty picture on it. We'll slip up on their porch at night and put it in the mailbox."

"They have no mailbox. They get their mail downtown at the post office."

"All right, so we put it under the door!"

The big valentine I bought for a nickel had this old and then popular verse beneath a lurid chromo:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
They are sweet and so are you.
I love you,
Truly I do."

My name was scrawled below the verse and her name on the envelope. That night, around ten o'clock, Melvin and I sneaked up the walk to

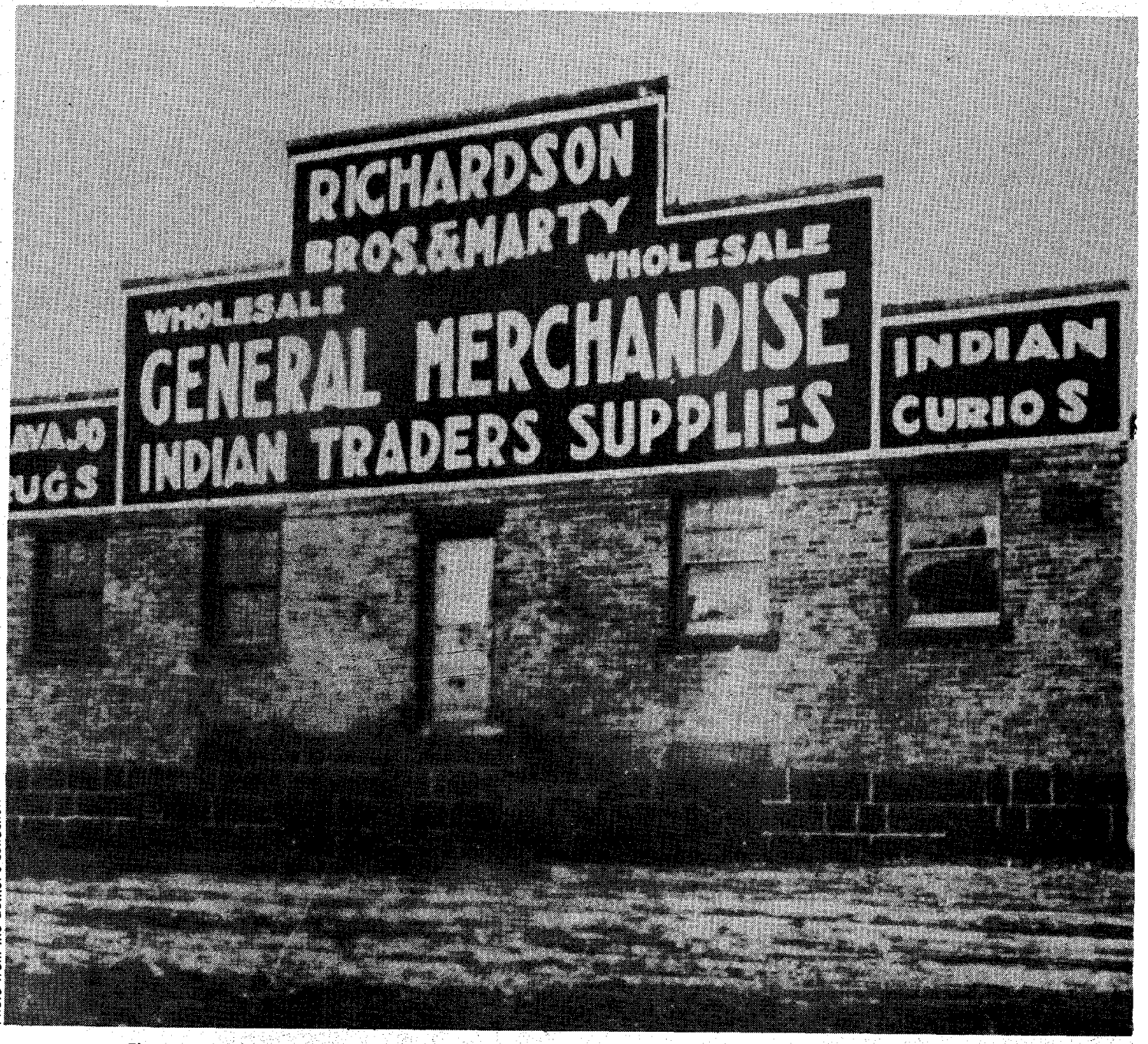

Photo from the author's collection

The automobile warehouse was across the road in front of this store building. Marty was not then a partner in the firm.

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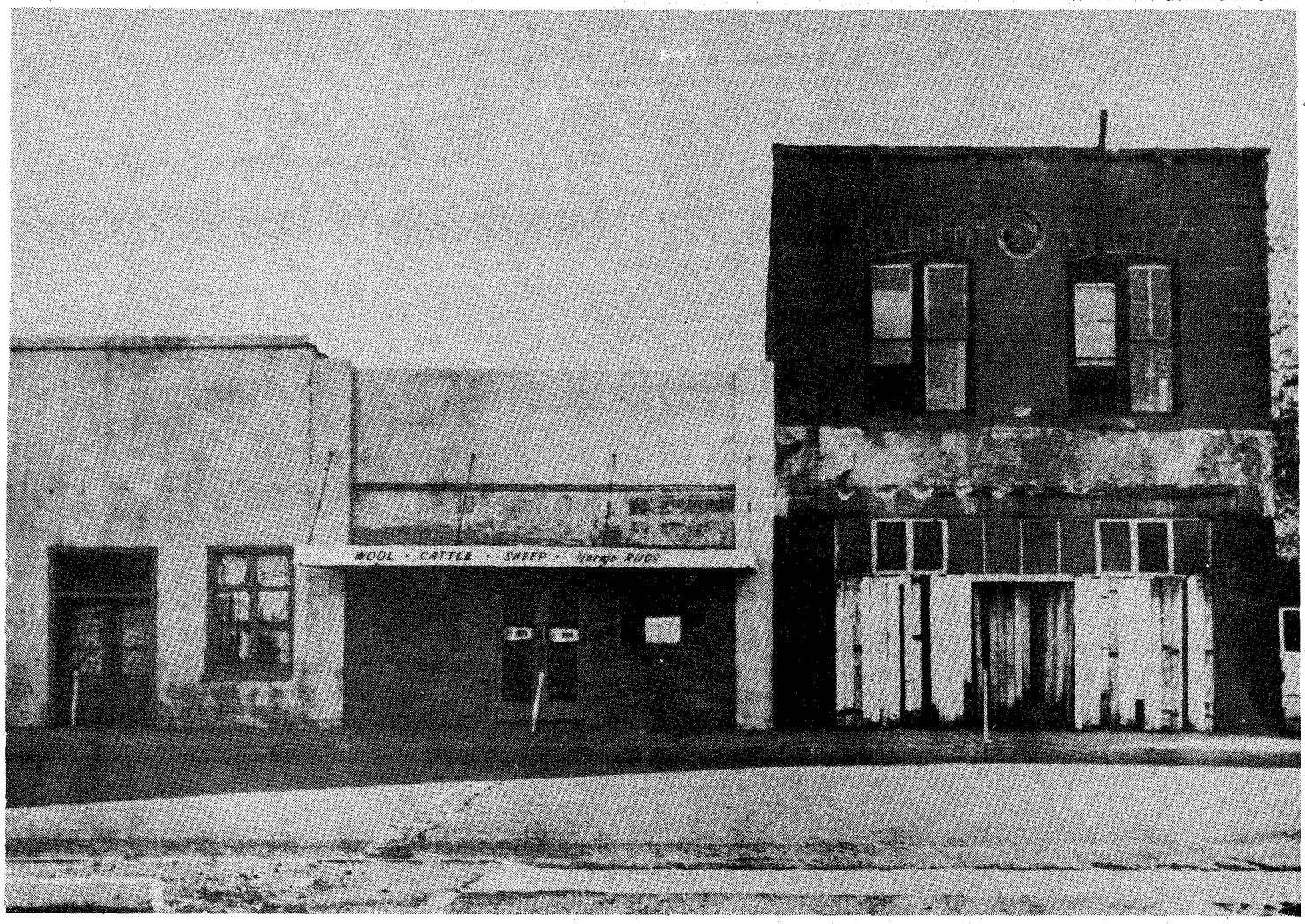

These buildings on 1st Street were once the main business district of Winslow, Arizona.

the front porch. The envelope was pushed partly under a tight-fitting door.

There was not a light on in the house. We started tiptoeing away, afraid of awakening somebody. Suddenly, a huge police-type dog came charging around the far corner of the house, barking loud enough to frighten half the town.

I started running for the yard gate. Melvin headed for the porch end, the dog snapping at his pants bottom. The porch was built high and under a rain spout; at the corner stood a water barrel.

In those days almost everyone in Winslow kept a rain barrel — the reason being that when the river flooded into Clear Creek reservoir, water from a faucet was silt laden, almost blood red.

Melvin fell head first into the rain barrel which was, fortunately, only half filled. The crash overturning the barrel was louder than even the dog's howling. Sliding out, he sprinted for the yard fence, the dog howling after him as if it was a game. By then I stood safely across the street.

Lights flooded on inside the house, and the front door crashed wide open. Onto the porch appeared the doctor in an ankle-length, cotton flannel night shirt.

He yelled, "What'n hell's going on? Can't a man sleep without being awakened by all this miserable clatter?"

Then he saw Melvin, hearing him crash into the waist-high, fancy wire fence.

"Hoodlums!" the doctor yelled, "wait'll I get my gun!" He faded back inside.

Whether he did or not we never knew, for as soon as Melvin got over the fence, we took off yonder in a real hurry.

My two uncles had the Ford car agency along with their Indian traders supply house. That spring they hired me to clean and shine up those cars received by rail.

In those days Fords came in solid wooden crates. They were unloaded beside the warehouse on a spur track across the street from the store. The crates were torn apart, and someone rolled the cars into the warehouse.

Heavy brown paper covered the fenders and sides over which was some kind of sticky substance. For the magnificent sum of 50¢ per car my job was to remove the paper, clean the surfaces and polish them.

Working all day Saturday and Sunday, I could usually clean up six Fords which were invariably already sold.

Then came the Saturday Melvin showed up at the warehouse soon after I started on a new shipment of cars.

"Hey, we're invited to a party this afternoon," he informed me.

"Can't make it," I replied forlornly. "Too many cars to get ready for delivery Monday morning."

"Lookit, they got fancy eats at this party!"

"With all this work I can go?"

"Shucks, you can!"

Forthwith he disappeared in the direction of downtown. Within half an hour he was back with six of our friends. Among them was Marvin Young, Standard Nesting, Billy Woods and three others whose names escape me.

(continued on page 62)

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

ROCKY LANE

By Mario DeMarco

Fans of the old-time western movies never realized the background that these stars had ... one thinks of them as actors with fabricated backgrounds which were exaggerated by their highly paid press agents. As you have read in the biographies of some of these movie greats, many of them led the lives of soldiers, cowboys and rodeo or circus performers.

Many of their early experiences or escapades could have been the basis of exciting movie scripts. In fact, as I recall, when some of these cowboy actors became stars, many of them wrote, produced and directed their own stories which I'm sure were based on incidents of their own colorful pasts. Even some of the western stars who made it big in the 30's and 40's had backgrounds that actually benefited them in becoming stars in their fields.

In the case of Allan Lane this held true — as a youngster he was an exceptional athlete, and when playing in westerns, a star has to be a combination of Jesse Owens and Superman — and "Rocky" possessed all the traits that molded him into a star. I met Allan several times when he was one of the leading western heroes at Republic Studios. Not only did he have a great build, he possessed a fine voice.

Lane, whose real name was Harry Albershart, was born in Mishawaka, Indiana on September 22, 1904. While he was a student at Notre Dame University, he won sports letters in baseball, basketball and football. In fact, he was so good on the gridiron that he was offered a contract to play in the professional ranks ... but the "acting bug" bit Allan and he left college to join a theatrical group in Cincinnati.

From there he joined a road show that was looking for a leading man, and he ended up playing on the Broadway stage. Allan had another highly professional trade to fall back on — that of a commercial photographer. Not just a "run-of-the-mill" photographer, he had built his profession into quite a lucrative business — some of his clients headed large companies and manufactured well-known commercial products.

Acting won out when a Fox scout approached him in 1929. He stayed at Fox Studios as a contracted player for some time, and realizing that he wasn't moving up very fast, he left and moved to RKO for bigger and better parts. From there he eventually landed at Republic Studios where his career as an action star would blossom. His first starring role at Republic was in 1939 in an exciting chapter-play entitled *King of the Royal Mounted* ... it was here that the name of "Rocky" was tagged on him. He made more serials and features ... and with his fine, athletic build and handsome features it wasn't too long before he became one of the leading stars.

In 1945 he received his biggest break — at this time Bill Elliott, who was turning out the popular "Red Ryder" series, decided to call it quits. The role was offered to Lane, and he became the third star to play this part (Don Barry, the first and Elliott the second). He fitted into his new "hero image" quite naturally and was good enough to turn out at least 21 "Red Ryder" pictures from 1945 to 1948.

The studio realized his potential as an action star and cast him in a new series of westerns. With his beautiful black horse, "Black Jack", Allan managed to put out some slick, well-done features, such as *Carson City Raiders, The Denver Kid, Bandits of the West, Code of the Silver Sage,* and many more. In 1951 he was listed as one of the top ten cowboy stars — an honor which was repeated in 1953.

With production costs spiraling and television knocking out audience attendance at the theaters, the "B" westerns began to suffer badly. When most of the other western stars were calling it quits, Rocky was one of the last to hang up his spurs and guns at Republic Studios in 1954. He then toured the country, making personal appearances in many of the rodeos. One unusual part that he did accept in television was that of the "Voice" of the talking horse in the series, "Mr. Ed".

Allan "Rocky" Lane was an action star for over 15 years and had managed to appear in 125 films in his great career. He was truly one of the great modern cowboy stars who today is best remembered in the role of the great "Red Ryder". •RW

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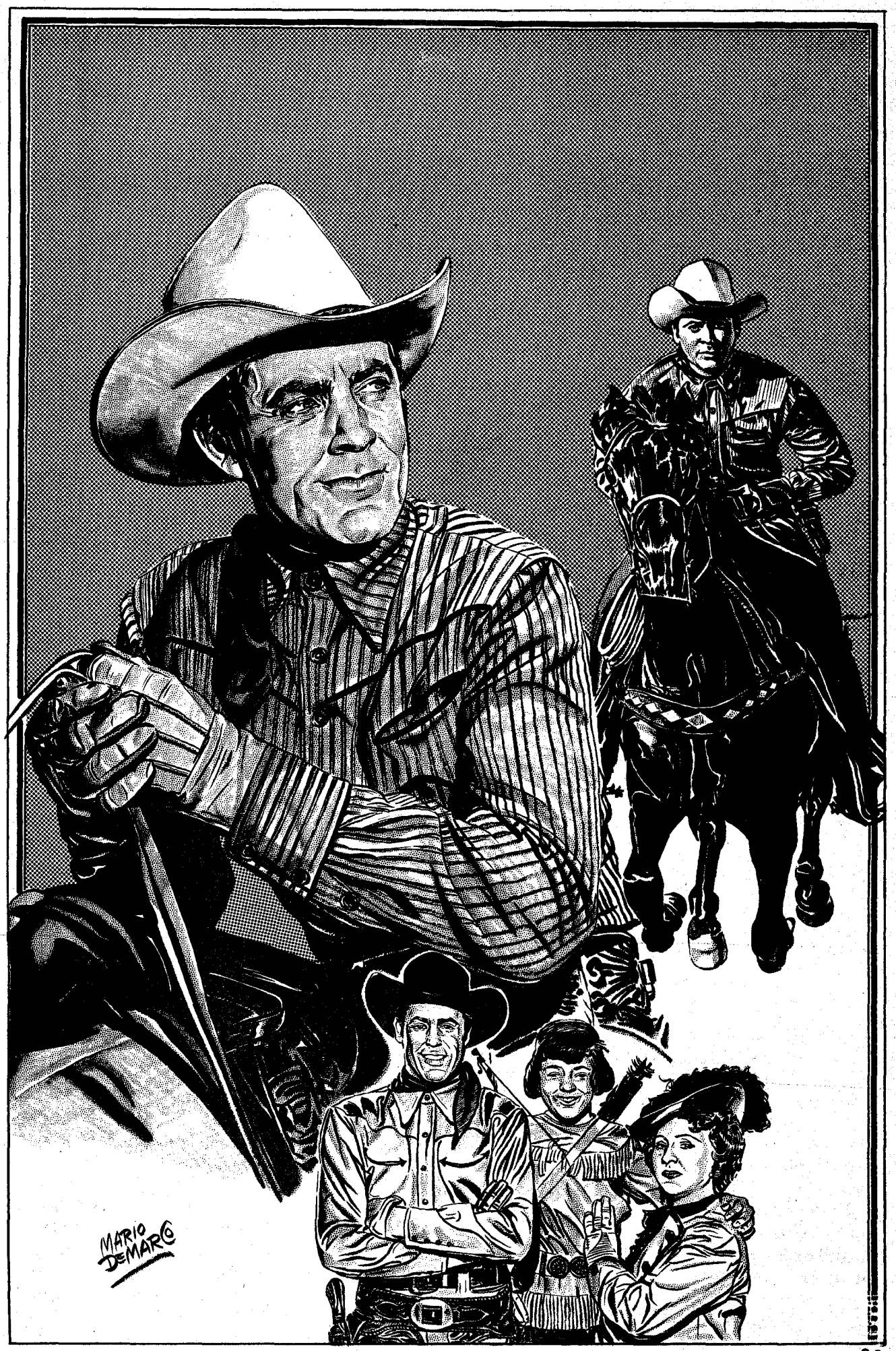

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COVER STORY

QUANTRILL

From Carl Breihan's photo collection

While refused the rank of Colonel by the Confederate War Secretary, it is believed that Quantrill was given such a commission in the field by General Sterling Price, although he received no pay for such a rank.

August, 1863 — the horrible Lawrence, Kansas massacre was over, hundreds of male citizens lay dead in the town and the damage to this beautiful town ran several million dollars.

After the Lawrence affair it appeared that Quantrill gradually disappeared from the picture. The guerrilla chieftain took unto himself a young girl named Kate King, whom he married, but caused her to use the name of Kate Clarke instead of Kate Quantrill. The vicious Ohioan had reached the zenith of his career, and the prodigious figures of Todd and Anderson gathered on the horizon. From the ranks of these two rose the Jameses and the Youngers to fame.

In the fall of 1863 Quantrill went to Texas where several of his commands nearly engaged in mortal combat against each other. There was "bad blood" between Fletcher (Fletch) Taylor of Bloody Bill Anderson's men and Captain William Gregg of Quantrill's camp. It was this same Gregg who, after the war, penned the life of Quantrill and sold it for several hundred dollars. It was supposed to be the only "true history" in existence, yet years later, Gregg penned more of these "original manuscripts" and sold them for a profitable sum.

At their camp in Mineral Springs, Texas dissension arose and the disintegration of the guerrilla command began. The growing power of George Todd greatly contributed to this dissolution, although many other causes also influenced it. Todd's heart was in the cause for which he was fighting (the same could hardly be said of Quantrill) and the influence of Todd over the man increased. Quantrill fought for no principle, but as a result of the conditions of his desperate life and for selfish purposes.

When the supreme test for leadership finally arose, Todd, as was to be expected, in his devotion to the South and to his men won. Apparently Quantrill saw in Todd long ago his equal if not his master, for after the election by his men, he came to Todd and was very conciliatory, imploring and actually humble, greatly unlike the tiger, Quantrill.

It all happened like this. Quantrill camped near Sherman, Texas, but there seemed to be a growing restlessness among the men, especially after the Lawrence affair. Another contributing factor to the ill feeling between the commands was after the raid on Missouri City and Plattsburg. Before the raid, Gregg told his men that if any money was taken it would be equally divided among all the men of the command. When Plattsburg was raided and captured, Fletch Taylor and John Little took about $6,000 in United States Government money. Inasmuch as the men were hard pressed by soldiers shortly after, Gregg made no mention of the money until they had safely

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IN TEXAS

By Carl W. Breihan

crossed the Missouri River. Gregg then asked his men about the money, and they refused to divide it.

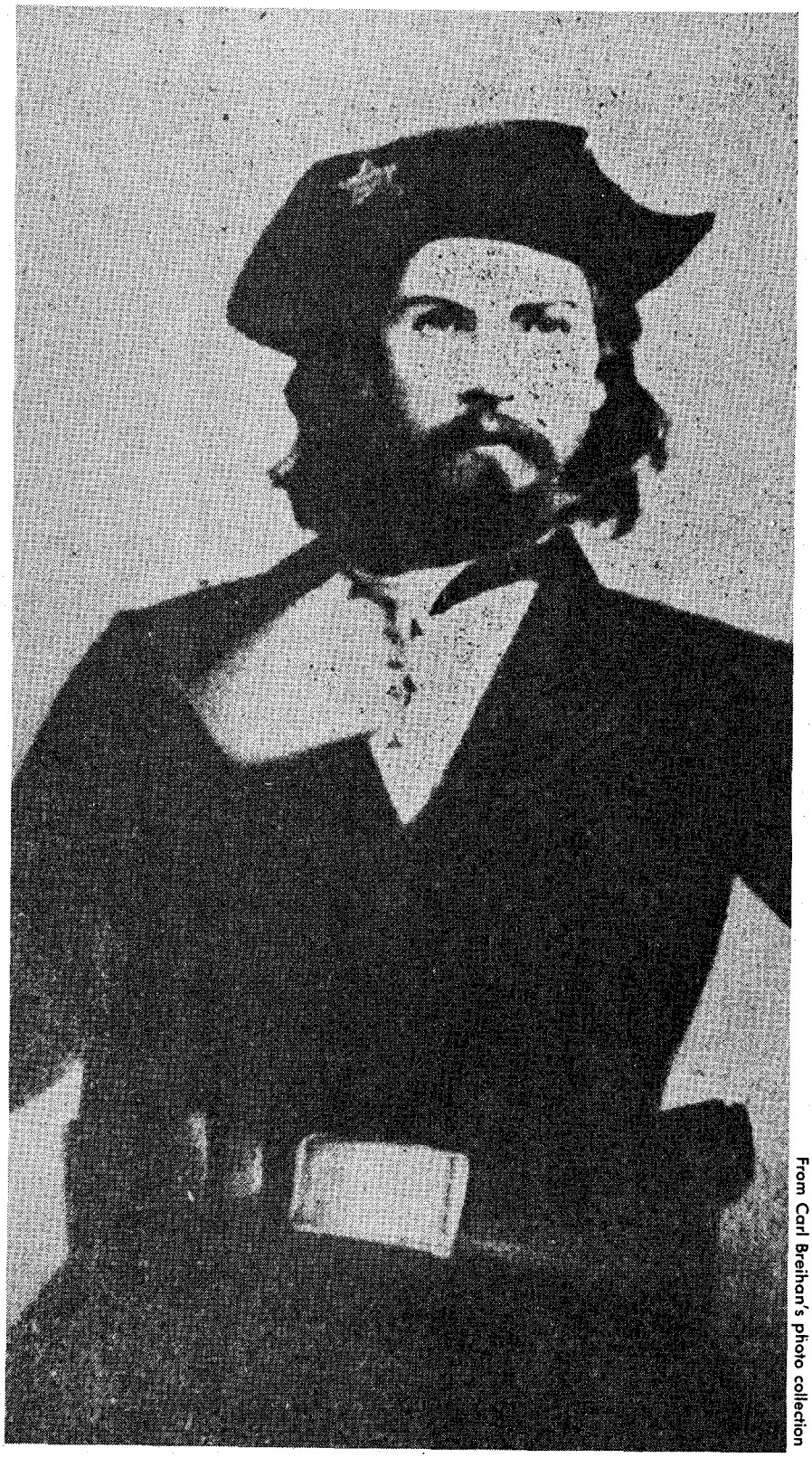
Gregg later met Quantrill and Todd at the home of Mrs. David George, where a demand was made on Taylor and Little that the money be equally divided. Todd declared that the men had a right to what they took, agreement or not, and Quantrill sided with Todd.

Another reason for the dissension was that Bill Anderson married in Sherman, against the wishes of Quantrill who wanted him to wait until peace was declared. At once Anderson took his leave of the camp at Mineral Springs; his men following him, they took up their quarters at Sherman. The news was quick to get out, and it was expected that Quantrill and Anderson would meet in Sherman and that a great fight would result. A number of guards were posted by the people to prevent a surprise raid.

A number of atrocities were committed by the guerrillas, and it is believed that Fletch Taylor, Jim Chiles, and John Ross murdered one Andy Walker and robbed him. Just north of Sherman lived Major Butts, and he, too, was killed and robbed. Several of the murdered men were Confederate soldiers. Quantrill suggested that the ones responsible be arrested and court-martialed. However, Todd and Anderson protected those involved, refusing to surrender them to the army authorities there.

The demoralization of the guerrillas was complete by then, and they robbed and murdered in all the counties adjacent to Sherman, as well as other sections. In Sherman itself they terrorized the people by riding pell-mell down the streets, shooting at various objects as they rode by.

On Christmas Day of 1863, they rode their horses into the Christian Hotel and shot away the ornaments on the hat worn by Mrs. Butts. They permitted their horses to do much damage as they rode openly into the stores and destroyed much merchandise. The citizens committee complained to General Henry McCulloch, brother of Brigadier-General Benjamin McCulloch (killed at Pea Ridge,



From Carl Breihan's photo collection

"Bloody Bill" Anderson, one of Quantrill's most ferocious fighters.

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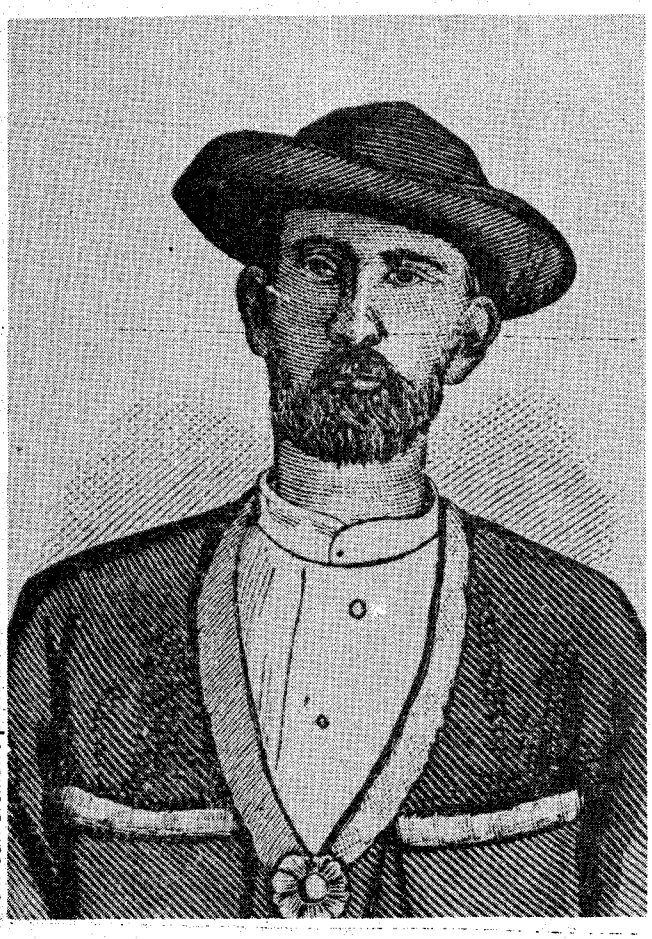


From Carl Breihan's photo collection

From Carl Breihan's photo collection

Frank James *Jesse James*

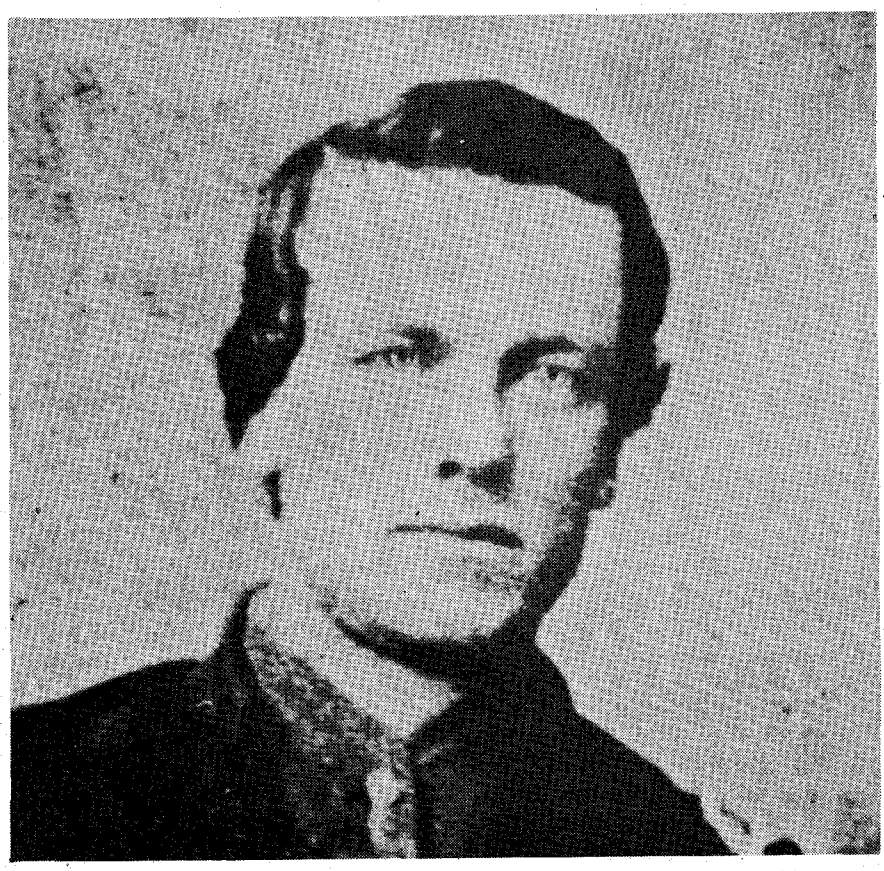
Engraved from photographs taken about the close of the war.

Arkansas), who had his headquarters at Bonham, Texas.

Anderson, on hearing the many rumors, rode boldly into the camp of General McCulloch and informed him that Quantrill's men were responsible for the various outrages. Fletch Taylor even admitted that he had killed Major Butts, but he had done so at the direct orders of Quantrill himself.

On March 30, 1864, General McCulloch summoned Quantrill to his office and placed him under military arrest. He was told that his parole would be accepted and that he would not be confined while awaiting trial. At that particular time Quantrill was left with two guards in the room, his revolvers having been placed on the bed, while the general went to dinner. On pretext of getting a drink of water, Quantrill crossed the room, grabbed the revolvers from the bed, ordering the guards to surrender. He then locked them in the closet and left the room. But his escape was soon discovered as he met several more guards in the anteroom and was forced to disarm them. He then rushed into the street, yelling at the top of his voice for his men to mount or they would all be arrested and shot.

Quantrill sent a rider ahead to



From Carl Breihan's photo collection

Captain George Todd, noted guerrilla and famed fighter killed October 23, 1864 at Independence, Missouri.

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From Carl Breihan's photo collection

"Bloody Bill" Anderson in death. Slain by Union troops in Ray County, Missouri near Orrick October 27, 1864.

warn Todd to break camp and to meet them at Colbert's Ferry, and then he followed with his portion of the guerrillas. Colonel Martin of the regular Confederate forces was ordered to pursue Quantrill and bring him back to Bonham, dead or alive. Bloody Bill Anderson and his men joined in the ride. Todd's men were waiting at the Bois d' Arc Creek and formed in the timber to check the forces of Colonel Martin, while Quantrill and his men stood by. Not long after, the entire forces of Todd-Quantrill crossed the Red River and escaped their pursuers. Not a shot had been fired at the Confederate troops, however, for Todd would not permit this and trusted to the speed of their mounts to escape.

Quantrill had accepted the new leadership of Todd, but under the surface he always held a bitter contempt for the man; and at times it appeared that even though Todd was actually in command, Quantrill was commanding the men through Todd.

There is not much more to tell of Quantrill except that in the summer of 1864 he returned to Missouri, visiting his old haunts, and roamed aimlessly over the desolated area burned out by Federal Order No. 11. He rode on several skirmishes, but nothing exciting happened after his trip to Texas. He did not partake in the major fighting of the guerrillas after that. Either he had "seen the handwriting on the wall" or his mood was just another of his sudden impulses.

Quantrill met his end in Kentucky, May of 1865, when he and his men were drawn into a fight at Smiley, during a terrific rainstorm, after taking refuge in the Wakefield barn. Wounded, Quantrill later died on June 5, 1865, and was buried in the Portland Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky. ● **RW**

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The SPIRIT OF '76 — Again

By Paul T. Nolan

Centennial Medal Obverse

Centennial Medal Reverse

The Centennial Medal was sold for $1.00 in order to help raise funds to defray the expenses of the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia.

It seems that the United States has hard luck when it comes to its hundred year birthdays. Right now, we're having tough times as the 200th anniversary is getting close. One hundred years ago newspapers howled "thief" and "liar" at our leaders. Corruption was widespread and doom-ang-gloomers forecast a speedy end to the American dream! We survived then and we know we'll survive again!

With the beginning of the decade of the 70's, Americans agreed — but without much enthusiasm — that the upcoming anniversary of the founding of the Republic should be given a big celebration. Recent troubles in the government suggested that the ideas of the Declaration of Independence needed restating, now more than ever. Americans were divided, uncertain, nostalgic for a time when all politicians were statesmen and every citizen was a patriot.

The administration in Washington, although the President was still popular, had become a symbol of corruption. The previous President (Johnson) had attempted to institute national policies that had divided the people, further divided them, in fact, for they were already at each other's throats. There was new trouble with the Indians, trouble that would make names like Wounded Knee familiar throughout the country.

The President, U.S. Grant, failed to act against the members of his official family as they looted and plundered, all in the name of "politics as usual". Many Americans were complaining that this was the most corrupt administration in the nation's history. A few Americans were complaining that the government's treatment of its minorities — the Indians and the Negroes — was a denial of the Spirit of '76.

There were at the same time some bright spots in this decade. Hamilton Fish, the only distinguished member of the official family, worked out a treaty with our oldest enemy, Great Britain, that would insure peace and good will between the two nations. America grew. On August 1, 1876, Colorado joined the Union. And America got itself an Anniversary Year hero — William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," who fought a hand-to-hand fight with Yellow Hand in the summer of '76 and then toured the country with a melodrama which showed how he "won the west".

The official planning for the Centennial Year began on March 3, 1871, when Congress approved an act to provide for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of American independence. This approval was, to be sure, lukewarm. With its approval Congress also stipulated that it would not be liable for any expense. Even this qualified support, however, was looked upon as a real victory for the supporters of the "Birthday Year" celebration.

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Congress had another "no funds" idea. It gave consent to the Board of Finance to have a series of medals struck at the United States Mint. The cost for the medals, however, was to be paid back to the Mint through the sale of the medals. Governmental "penny-pinching" was the order of the day and for logical reasons. Americans had grown tired of paying taxes.

By 1872, Congress abolished what remained of the Civil War income tax, and the entire expense of the government — including paying off war debts — was going to have to be financed by excise and import taxes alone. Private money, except for the free-wheelers, was in short supply. The '70's saw a series of depressions from beginning to end.

In spite of the fact that government "support"—in the beginning, at least — had only public relations value, some important decisions were made. It was decided that Philadelphia would be the host city for the Centennial Fair, an exhibition that would show the whole world what the Spirit of '76 had accomplished in just one hundred years.

To finance this exhibition, Congress established a Board of Finance and gave this Board permission to issue $10,000,000 worth of stock, one million shares at $10 a share. The Congress must have had some sense of humor in this project, for it not only limited the stock to $10,000,000,but every carefully set limits on the amount of stock each state and territory would be allowed to purchase.

Congress did not need to worry about the limits. Of the Forty-eight states and territories, only twenty — less than fifty per cent — purchased even one share. No state asked for more shares than its quota. Philadelphia was an exception to the general response. This city raised $1,500,000 to be used for the Centennial, and the state of Pennsylvania added another million dollars. This generosity, however, not only did not encourage imitation, but it actually bred suspicion. Across the country — especially in the west — people complained that the entire Centennial celebration idea was a scheme by Philadelphia to bring money there.

Certificate of Stock issued by the Centennial Board of Finance. One million shares were printed, but only one-third were sold.

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Of the twenty states and territories that purchased even a single share, few came close to their quota. Missouri, for example, was given a quota of 44,641 shares. Its total purchase was six shares, worth $60.

The general corruption of the time — a time that its favorite author, Mark Twain, called "The Gilded Age" — and "hard times" probably were most responsible for this lack of response. Many people, however, argued that World's Fairs were always failures, and they pointed to the 1867 Paris exhibition and the 1873 Vienna exhibition to prove their point.

Western states and territories, moreover, complained about the distance that their people would have to travel to Philadelphia for the fair. The expense, they argued, made it impossible for any but the rich to attend it. From mid-America — Kansas City or St. Louis, for Example — the total cost of railroad fares, meals, entry fees, and lodging (for a ten-day round trip) would cost $100.70. The general admission fee to the exhibition alone, was fifty cents. And Centennial waffles cost 3 cents.

At the same time, however, if the Fair was to represent America, many Americans thought that their state should be represented with an exhibition. A number voted money to build state exhibit buildings through special appropriation, and they did buy 3,000,000 dollars worth of stock — only thirty percent of that authorized, but still a goodly sum for the times.

European nations were more generous. Thirty-six nations contributed two million dollars to defray the costs of their exhibits. And Congress finally appropriated $505,000 for the erection of a United States building.

When the "Birthday Year," 1876, began, the Centennial Exhibition was in an uneasy, financial condition. The Centennial Commission again appealed to Congress for help. After considerable debate, a bill appropriating $1,500,00 passed both the House and the Senate. On February 17, 1876, President Grant signed the bill into law. The federal money, however, was not a gift.

The bill stipulated that this money had to be repaid to the federal government from the profits before any dividends were paid to the stockholders, a stipulation that offended many of the stockholders who had purchased stock without this stipulation. A number of the states, however, now made special grants. Arkansas, for example, appropriated $50,000 for a state exhibit building.

A popular scene at the Centennial where "Centennial Waffles" were sold as snacks.

In May of 1876, the Centennial Exhibition opened in Philadelphia. Some editors across the country complained about everything that had been done and had *not* been done. One Missouri editor, however, offered this comfort to his readers who would not be able to afford the trip: "We can't go to the centennial and we know it; but we are consoled in our misfortune by the knowledge of one fact of which

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the world is ignorant. Walt Whitman (then fifty-seven and America's best-known poet) is to recite a poem which he has been engaged on seventy-five years and the largest part of the work he accomplished under delirium tremens."

As a matter of fact, Whitman's "Song of the Exposition" had been written in 1871, and the Missouri editor probably would have approved of the challenge to the Old World that Whitman made in his poem. Whitman's poem compares the glories of America favorably with all the glories of Europe past and present:

"Mightier than Egypt's tombs,
Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,
Prouder than Milan's statued, spired cathedral,
More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,
We plan even now to raise, beyond them all,
The great cathedral sacred industry, to tomb,
To keep for life for practical invention."

Whitman's poem was written

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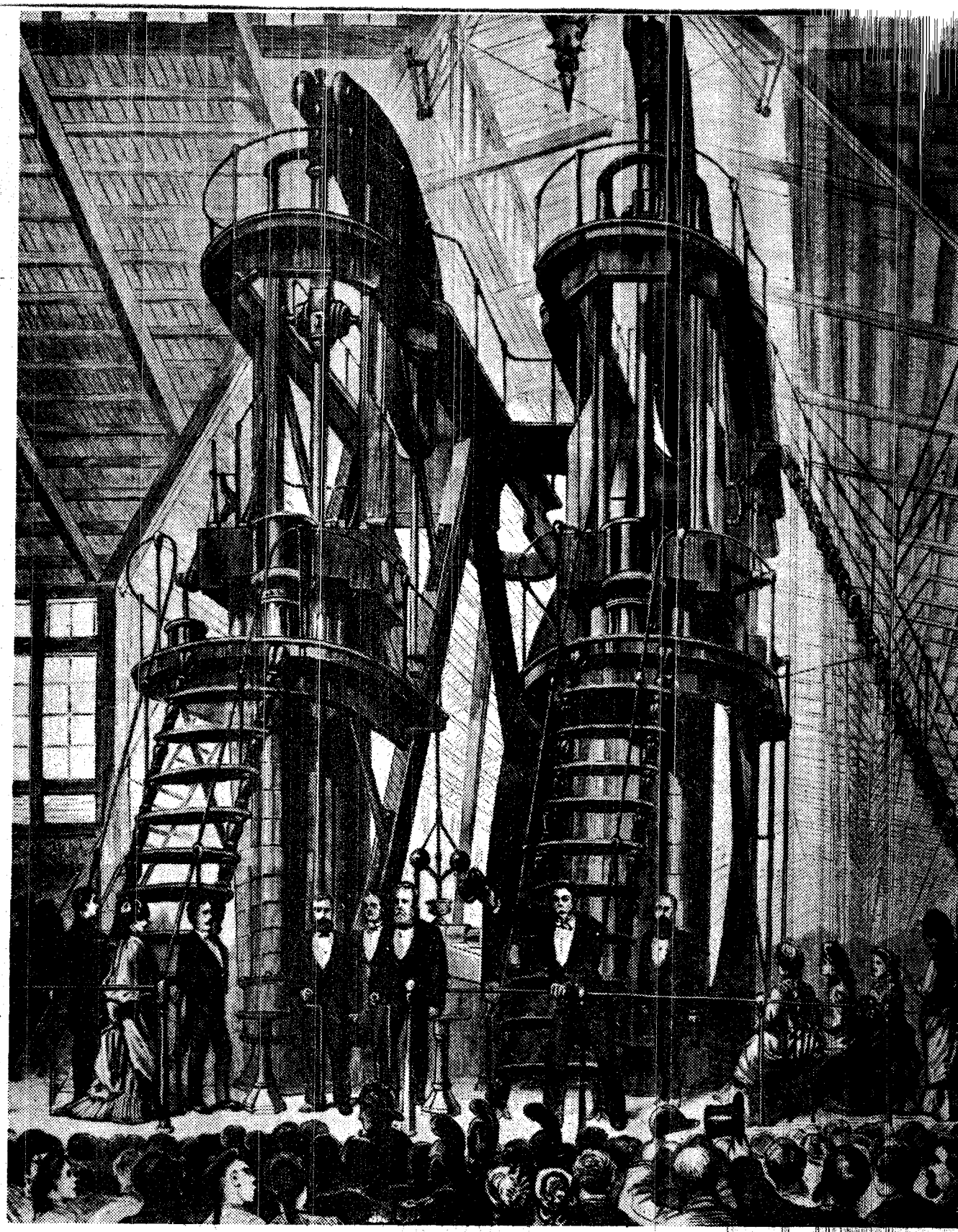

The great Corliss engine - graceful as a serpent. President Grant and the Emperor of Brazil view the mechanical marvel of '76.

when the Congress was setting a limit of ten million dollars in stock, not when only three million had been raised. One exhibit at the fair, however, must have pleased the poet as much as it did President Grant. On May 10, 1876, Grant opened the formal ceremonies by starting the great Corliss engine — "the great cathedral" of sacred industry. Grant described the engine as having the strength of a volcano, the grace of a serpent, and the docility of a donkey.

Although American enthusiasm had lagged for five years while plans were being made, the "Birthday Year" did finally catch favor. All over the country, people suddenly wanted to show the world what Americans had wrought — their inventions, raw materials, art, and even the classroom products of their children.

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By Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

TIMES OF CHANGE

The dealings of the white race with the Indians of this country form a long and varied history. While there were many white men who helped the Indian, other white men exploited them. The Indian was hardly an unbeatable foe as he matched his native craft and even his so-called cunning against the skill and superior weapons of the white man.

Columbus made his first landing in the New World on what is now Watling Island of the Bahama group. He thought he had landed in the East Indies and called the natives he found there Indios or Indians. It was the Spanish who were the first white men to have dealings with the Indians on both the Atlantic and the Pacific. Spain was the pathfinder on the high seas and in exploration of new lands in the sixteenth century. With the settlements of Europeans in North America the Indian was brought into contact with four other classes of white men beside the Spanish. In 1607 the English reached Jamestown; in 1608 the French settled at Quebec; The Dutch on Manhattan Island in 1613; and in 1638 the Swedes settled on the Delaware.

Treatment of the Indian by the white man has not always been the best. In the Capital at Washington four historical pictures showed the treatment of the Indian. The first picture showed the landing of the white man and the Indian offering them corn. The second shows the signing of the treaty ceding Pennsylvania to the white man. The third picture shows Pocahontas in the act of defending Captain John Smith, and the fourth represents a battle between the Indians and the white man in which the Indian is being killed. An old Indian being shown the pictures once said, "Indian gave white man corn. Indian gave white man land. Indian save white man life, but white man kill Indian."

The first contacts between the United States and the Indians were resolved legally by treaties such as those made between any two independent nations; these were later replaced by agreements around 1871. There were many times when treaties or agreements were not needed, where the land was settled by peace-loving whites as in the case of the Quakers who settled Pennsylvania. There was little trouble between the Indians and the white settlers, but the Quakers kept their promises to the Indians and treated them like neighbors and not as foes.

A great hardship on the Indians was their being forced to move to the reservation. This was often far from their native home; the climate was different as was the food, and this caused sickness and at times even death. Many of the Eastern Indians were forced to leave their homes for lands west of the Mississippi River in what was known as Indian territory. Even the long trip, mostly on foot, took its toll in lives.

At first the Indians were put under the jurisdiction of the War Department, and in March of 1824 the Indian Bureau was established. The Office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs was created in 1832. In 1849 the Department of the Interior was established, and the Indian Bureau was transferred from the War Department to the newly created Department of the Interior.

Many tribes were sent to the reservations; and as more Indians were placed on the lands set aside for them, they found it to be intolerable, so some would leave to follow the hunts, to fish, or just to visit their old homelands. The troops would then be sent out to drive them back to the reservation. One such incident took place in 1860.

General Grant had signed a treaty with the Sioux and Cheyenne in which was stated that no white settlement in unceded Indian land would be permitted to take place without the consent of the Indian. This treaty assured the Indian the right to hunt and fish on these lands, but gold was discovered in the Black Hills region of South Dakota and thousands of gold seekers flocked into this Indian land. The Indian protested, and when the white man refused to leave, fighting broke out which ended in the Battle of the Little Big Horn and the defeat of General Custer in 1876.

The Nez Perce tribe of Northeastern Oregon was not warlike, but the government ordered them from their land to Indian Territory in Oklahoma. This new land was vastly different from the wooded hills and mountains of their former home. The climate, food, and way of life was strange, and this added to their homesickness. After many of the tribe had died, the government agreed to let them go back to their native land in Oregon, but in their absence white men had appropriated their lands and now refused to give them back.

The Nez Perce were again placed on a reservation, this time in the state of Washington. In 1887 under Chief Joseph, they broke into open warfare against the white man and for several months kept a division of United States Troops under the command of General Howard at bay, with the Indians inflicting many losses upon the troops. The Indians were at last defeated and Chief Joseph was imprisoned, where he died in 1904. It has been said that had Chief Joseph a military education, he would have been one of the great military leaders of all time.

The Navajo of Arizona also suffered by removal from their land to a strange new place. In 1868 the Navajo of Arizona, who had caused some trouble during the Civil War, were forcibly removed from their lands in Arizona and put on a reservation in New Mexico. The Indian Bureau considered this new land to be much better for the Navajo in spite of the fact the climate was different from the arid, mountainous region of their original home. The Navajo fought continually to be allowed to go back to their native lands, and reservations were set up at Fort Defiance and Fort Wingate where military companies were kept to keep the Navajo subdued.

More Indians were placed on reservations, and as more and more tried to escape but were forced back to the

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MONTANA'S STRANGLERS

By B. Morando

When the Stockgrowers Association met in Miles City, Montana, Granville Stuart warned them against taking the law into their own hands. But privately, he organized a Vigilante Committee which hanged or shot every known horse thief in the territory.

Stuart's Montana Stranglers never (but once) wore masks. They struck swiftly and efficiently and shot or hanged the rustlers that preyed on their herds. With concentrated violence, this vigilante force of 14 men took the lives of 28 hardcase killers and outlaws in a period of 14 days, finally killing the leader of the rustlers and burning their "Robber's Roost", in the badlands.

The four hardcase rustlers hid in the mesquite and rocks as the day drew to a close and the sun sank toward the horizon. They carefully watched the makeshift camp below. The cook wagon was in the center of the camp, and on its wooden side was branded a big D-S indicating that these eight men and the cook worked for the D-S spread of Granville Stuart. They were working this east end of the sprawling ranch on spring roundup. Other sections of the ranch were being worked by other crews, but the rustlers were interested only in these nine men for the moment.

The horses were kept in a rope corral far enough from the food wagon to keep the dust that stirred up from getting into the food. And at some distance, a herd of fat steers were being gathered and held together. It was the job of these D-S cowboys to brand every maverick they could rope and also to gather the best steers for a late spring drive. The other crews on the other sections would do the same, and then each bunch would be thrown together near the main ranch house to make the herd that would be driven to market.

The long shadows crept across the ground, summoning the tired cowboys in for supper; the smell of coffee filled the air as sundown came. The weary men rested, all except the cook and one mounted man who circled the small herd of cattle.

In the rock hideout above, the outlaws stirred. "We'll wait until the moon comes up. Quarter moon tonight so it won't spread too much light."

"Nice bunch of ponies. About eight to a man. That's good pickin's."

"Yeah," the hard-faced leader nodded. "Stuart's a nut on good hoss flesh. His saddle stock is always the best."

"Hey, Billy, we c'n take that fat beef herd they're makin' up down there as a bonus, eh? No use lettin' it go to waste."

"Reckon so, Ed. I ain't choosey. Hosses or beef, it's all the same to me. Hey, we c'n doctor the brands on the beef when we do the ponies an' use Stuart's hosses to drive his own beef to market."

They laughed quietly, viciously, for this was the kind of humor these plunderers appreciated. They waited patiently as purple shadows spread across the hills. Then suddenly the sun was gone, seeking sanctuary in the mountains, and night was there with little light being shed from the slice of moon in the velvet night sky. The rustlers ate cold jerky, chewing and washing it down with a mixture of whiskey and water from their canteens. The camp below was quiet, the cooking fires smoldering to hot ash. Finally the rustlers stirred, checked their guns, mounted and rode down quietly toward the camp, the hoofs of their horses wrapped in burlap to muffle their noise on the rocks.

It was the wrangler guarding the beef herd who saw them approach. He called out, keeping his voice quiet so the cattle wouldn't become alarmed. He thought they were men from his own outfit until a bullet brought him tumbling down from his mount like a rag doll. Then all hell broke loose! The cattle spooked, aided by the rustlers who drove them toward the camp. The cowboys came out of their blankets, reaching for their guns, then they ran to avoid the stampeding cattle. Two of the rustlers cut the rope holding the remuda and drove the ponies away. It didn't take long, and when it was over there was nothing left but dust and blood. Horses and cattle were gone. One

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Sketched by the author

man was dead, three were wounded and one suffered a broken arm received from a running steer.

This was not an unusual occurrence in eastern Montana or the bordering states of Wyoming and Dakota in the early 1800's. Rustling, mainly of horses, was a thriving and lucrative business in an area where law and order was practically nil and outlaws rode high, wide and handsome.

In the badlands of the upper Missouri basin a handful of shacks had taken shape, crude houses that looked as though they had been scattered on the ground by some giant hand without thought. There were also lean-tos, a wall tent, and one larger cabin. This was an outlaw town, built and inhabited by rustlers and raiders. Here they brought their stolen horses and cattle, and in hidden corrals the brands were "blotted" and changed and moved out when healed in night drives. In those days, cattle were more difficult to get rid of than horses, so there were mostly horses in the corrals.

Some of the beef was sold on the hoof, but a lot of it was butchered and the hides dried and sold while the meat was used by the rustlers and their women in the camp and sometimes sent to mining towns where meat was scarce. Horses were easier to handle than cattle and were sold quickly. Horses rustled in Wyoming were sold in Montana, Dakota and Canada; mounts from ranches in Montana found their way to Wyoming, Dakota and Canada, and Canadian stock was trailed south and sold in the States. The market was always there, and so were the rustlers with their stolen, rebranded ponies.

By the middle 1880's territorial ranchers figured their annual losses in the millions. The ranchers formulated a bill which requested inspection of brands and registration of all stock driven out of Montana Territory. The bill was presented to the Montana legislature but failed to pass, much to the chagrin of the cattlemen. The Territorial Governor, a man named Crosby, was an easterner who had very little knowledge of the ranchers' needs and cared less. It was he who was responsible for the defeat of the bill. The ranchers became angry and restless, but their needs were throttled at every turn by the highhanded attitude of Governor Crosby whose ignorance of the west was abysmal.

The outlaws, in their fortress in the Badlands, laughed at the "stupid dude who was governor, an' didn't know a hoss from a steer". But they purely appreciated the help he unconsciously gave them in their business of robbery, rustling and murder. There, in their "Robber's Roost" close to where the Missouri and the Musselshell River flowed together, they had found a natural fort that was unapproachable without warning by the sentinels they kept constantly on the heights. There was activity in the outlaw town, and the armed and villainous crew straggled toward the large building where a meeting was to be held, called by the outlaw leader, "Stringer" Jack. The day was cold, and a wicked wind blew down from the mountains, bringing little notice of the spring that would come with the next month, May. They were well organized, these outlaws, into a hardcase organization where all the profits from their nefarious activities were shared.

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It was a very profitable business, these rustlers had, and they knew it and were aware of the fact that by running it like a business, with ruthlessness and viciousness when they struck, they would all prosper. In the big cabin they drank whiskey and filled the air with smoke from their cigarros while they discussed their next raids, new night drives to markets, where better prices could be found for beef on the hoof, dried hides, and better saddle stock. They were loud, coarse and vicious, and the room was filled with a stench that emanated from their unwashed bodies.

Meanwhile, on that same gusty day in April, another meeting was being held. The Stockgrowers Association met that day in Miles City, Montana, with 429 members attending. These were men of means and quality, but throughout the big room there flowed an undercurrent of restlessness and anger. The chairmen of the meeting, Granville Stuart, owner of the big D-S ranch of Gilt Edge, Montana, listened quietly to the Bubbling up of violence against the rustlers that pervaded the meeting. Sitting toward the front of the assembly were two prominent ranchers from the Dakotas: fiery, young Teddy Roosevelt and his friend, the Marquis de Mores. Close to them sat Russel Harrison, whose father would become President of the United States five years from the time of this meeting. Finally, Granville Stuart rapped for order.

In a quiet voice Stuart told them that, because of Governor Crosby's cavalier treatment of the legislative bill they had proposed, he had to caution them against any "... such plans of action" as had been proposed during the meeting. He pointed out that the rustlers were well armed with modern weapons, knew how to use these weapons with unerring accuracy, did so without compunction, and were completely ruthless.

He further pointed out that the thieves could hide in their badland fortresses and cut to pieces any force that attacked them. He said that the law, ironically, was on the side of the rustlers and that many of the men at the meeting, and their friends and hired hands, would be killed if they attempted personal reprisal. Those who survived might very well be arrested and charged with violence and even murder. "We are ranchers and no match for professional gunmen," he told them.

The older men cooled down under the logic of Stuart's arguments, but the younger ranchers were still angered, among them Teddy Roosevelt (then 26 years old) who went on record as not agreeing with the chairman's policy of caution. When a vote was called for, the conservatives were in the majority and voted down the hotheads.

Some of the ranchers who knew Stuart well were rather surprised that he should sponsor non-violence in the face of outrage and loss of revenue, for Granville Stuart, one of the first of the great cattlemen of the Northwest, though appearing aristocratic in style, was a tough, fighting man who, before he had built up his huge D-S ranch, had been a frontiersman, miner, trader, Indian fighter, packer and merchant. He was also smart enough to know that the leader of the rustlers was no ordinary man, either. Stuart knew that the man known as "Stringer" Jack was really John Stringer, who had attended an Eastern university and was the black sheep of a wealthy and cultured eastern family. He was a born leader of men and ruled his desperadoes with an iron hand.

These two strong and ruthless men, Granville Stuart and John Stringer, were soon destined to pit themselves against each other in a fight to the death, with law and order in Montana in the balance.

A month after the meeting of the Stockgrowers Association and at the end of spring roundup, Stuart secretly summoned thirteen of his most trusted friends and neighbors, whose courage and fighting ability could be relied on, to a meeting. Behind closed doors he formed a vigilante committee dedicated to wiping the rustlers and desperadoes off the face of the earth without pity or compassion. It has been said that Teddy Roosevelt was a fourteenth member of the group, but the accusation has never been proven. First offenders were to be given one warning, then with conclusive proof the vigilantes would strike.

It wasn't long before the vigilante group had other names. The most commonly heard were, the "Montana Stranglers", and "Stuart's Stranglers".

The Stranglers wasted no time. William Thompson, one of the vigilantes, caught two hardcases attempting to rustle horses belonging to his neighbor, Anson Wells, across the Judith River. In a running battle he killed one of the rustlers and captured the other. Later, the captured rustler was visited by the "Stranglers" and hanged, with a paper reading "HORSE THIEF", pinned to his chest. A few days later, Sam MacKenzie, "Stringer" Jack's right-hand man, a clever, tough and fast gunslinger, was caught by the Vigilantes in the act of rustling and he kicked his life away at the end of a rope.

Stuart's men had been watching the camp of two unsavory hardcases wanted in four territories for a variety of crimes. They evidently planned a raid on the Nelson ranch horse herd. But the two outlaws decided to have a little fun and headed into Lewistown for the Fourth of July celebration. They had quite a few drinks at the saloon in Lewistown, and getting drunk and mean, they decided they would tree the town. Sensing the danger from the pair of outlaws, the townsfolk had taken shelter in a large store, and when the two killers emerged from the saloon, the streets were deserted except for one man who had just arrived in town.

Owens, one of the toughs, called to him, cussed him and reached for his gun. The stranger drew and shot and killed Owens, then he raced to the store where the citizens called to him before Owens' partner could gun him down. Inside the store the men of the town had helped themselves to rifles and poured a withering hail of lead at the other outlaw who returned their fire. But he was soon cut down, and the townspeople emerged from the store to look with amazement at the two gunmen whom they had literally shot to pieces. So two more of the outlaws of "Stringer" Jack's band were dead.

Night after night the "Stranglers" rode, never masked as was the custom generally of vigilantes. And wherever they rode, they left human fruit hanging from the gallows tree. At his headquarters, "Stringer" Jack began to take heed of the toll. He ordered four of his men to stay with him and sent the others out to tell his rustlers to quit all lawless activity immediately and come in to the outlaw town where they could fort up and be safe. But it was too late. The Vigilantes were in the saddle every night, closing in on known rustlers, and for many miles around, bodies dangled from the trees, each with the printed label, "HORSE THIEF" fastened to their chests.

Then, on July 7, the Vigilantes rode out of Stuart's ranch with Stuart at their head and entered the Badlands, heading for Bates Point on the Missouri River, headquarters of the rustlers and "Stringer" Jack's

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Outlaw Roost. The avengers arrived shortly before dawn after a hard ride and took stock of the lay of the land. They had quietly crept up and silently, with expert knife work, taken out two outlaw sentries. From observation they decided that only the big cabin and a wall tent, a short distance from it, were occupied. They settled down to wait until daylight, not knowing how many men were actually in the outlaw town.

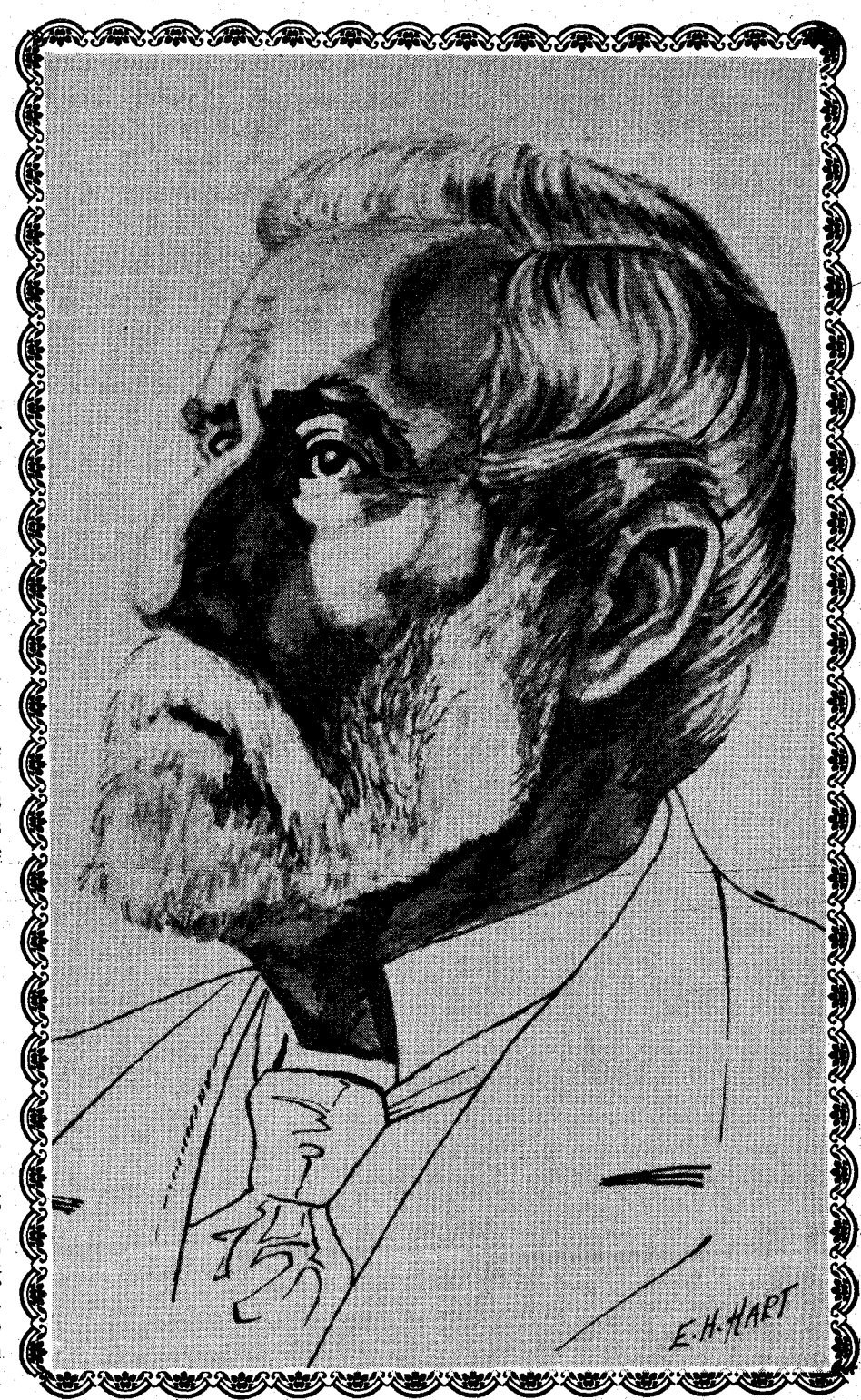
The sun came up, an orange ball shedding light upon the land, promising a day of heat and dryness. The "Stranglers" concentrated most of their attention upon the cabin, figuring that "Stringer" Jack would be sleeping there in his headquarters. As the heat of summer began to make itself felt, the cabin door opened and an unshaven hardcase staggered out, yawning prodigiously and stretching. Faint smoke began to float upward from the chimney. Before Stuart could stop him, one of his men shouted down, "You down there ... give yourself up, all of you, we have you surrounded ..." The outlaw dived back through the door and in seconds the Vigilantes found themselves under heavy rifle fire from both the cabin and the wall tent.

Aware of their lack of protection, the rustlers in the tent came out running as the "Stranglers" returned the fire, and their lead ripped through the canvas. One of the men from the tent, running toward a stand of trees close by, was recognized immediately as "Stringer" Jack by Granville Stuart. He shouted his information, and the Vigilantes concentrated their fire upon the outlaw leader. Lead ripped through the running man, sending him whirling to the ground, dead before his body quit moving. So intent were the attackers in downing "Stringer" that three other outlaws in the tent got away. These men got to the river and concealed themselves in the tall grass.

Meanwhile, the Vigilantes set fire to the cabin and the tent, destroying the outlaw town by burning it to the ground and shooting or hanging those outlaws that hadn't made their escape. Five had escaped, and the "Stranglers" searched for them diligently, until darkness made further search impossible.

Four of the five outlaws built a raft as soon as the Vigilantes had ridden away and floated downstream. Two hundred miles away, they were picked up by soldiers at the Poplar Creek Agency and turned over to Deputy Marshal Sam Fischel as suspicious characters. With deputized posse members, Fischel and his prisoners started for Fort Benton. At the mouth of the Musselshell, mounted and, masked, for the first and last time in their career, Vigilantes intercepted him and took his prisoners away from him. The Marshal gave them up without a struggle, signaling his men to do nothing. The "Stranglers" then hanged the rustlers from a log erected between two nearby, deserted cabins.

In 14 days Stuart's "Stranglers" had, with concentrated violence, smashed the organized business of rustling in Montana. Fourteen determined men had hanged or shot 28 rustlers and brought law and order to a vast territory.



Sketched by the author

The characteristics that shaped Granville Stuart's successful career, his strength and determination, are mirrored in this portrait, though this shows Stuart in the later years of his life. Only such a man could have formed the deadly, quick-striking Montana Stranglers.

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When Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) formed his show in North Platte, Nebraska, he created something that became a world-famous institution. Now, decades later, an ex-rodeo artist is putting together a similar show, designed to entertain the entire family.

Col. William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody used exciting action posters like the one shown above at the turn of the century to announce performances of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Show toured the nation and Europe from 1883 through 1913.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let me present to you a Congress of Rough Riders of the World." These were the classic words William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody used to begin every performance of his world renowned Wild West Show in the late 1880's and early 1900's.

Now the words will be heard once again in Monte Montana, Jr.'s recreation of Bufflao Bill's Wild West Show.

The show was put together in North Platte, Nebraska, last summer, the town where Cody assembled the original Wild West Show in 1883.

Montana has dreamed for a long time of operating a touring cowboy and Indian Wild West show. He figured this is an ideal time for reviving the Wild West show because of the public's growing interest in our heritage and particularly in the American Indian.

"I also think there is a very big need for family entertainment," Montana said. "There are very few places where a full family can go and enjoy entertainment today. This will be one of them."

Montanta, the son of famed trick rope performer Monte Montana and a lifelong rodeo artist himself, has spent years keeping track of the most skilled Western riders and performers. Many of them, including his father, will join the show.

The company will have about 70 performers and 125

COVER STORY

BUFFALO BILL

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animals, including buffalo and longhorn cattle.

"From 1883 until 1913, Buffalo Bill had just about every Western-oriented event in his show," Montana said.

No one who ever saw Buffalo Bill's old Wild West Show can ever forget the magical event.

"The Wild West-Rocky Mountain and Prairie Exhibition."

"The Green Sward Our Carpet, Heaven's Azure Canopy Our Canvas, No Tinsel, No Humbug, No Sideshows or Freaks."

"Buffalo Bill's Wild West — America's National Entertainment."

So progressed the labels Col. William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, Western adventurer, buffalo hunter, Pony Express rider, guide, Army Scout, politician and finally show producer affixed to what was to become history's most successful touring show.

As his show's popularity increased, so did Cody's use of adjectives as, during the late 1880's, his posters and handbills proclaimed such phrases as:

"Great, grand and heroic."

"A gathering of extraordinary circumstance."

"This year surpassing its colossal self."

Even the great showman, P.T. Barnum, said of this rival show, "When it goes to Europe, it will astonish the Old World."

Buffalo Bill's Wild West astonished, entertained and intrigued (one man attended 86 consecutive performances) both the Old and New Worlds from 1883 until 1913. There was nothing like the Wild West anywhere. It presented a historical portrayal of frontier life and brought the excitement of the Old West to thousands of fascinated spectators across the nation and throughout Europe.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West had its beginnings at a Fourth of July celebration in Cody's hometown of North Platte, Nebraska. In the 1800's Independence Day was celebrated with greater fervor in the United States than any holiday, including Christmas.

As best as he can recall, the idea of putting together a touring Wild West show came to Monte Montana, Jr. when he was the only cavalry officer in the U.S. Army.

"It was 1959, in Colorado Springs," he said, " and we (a group of ex-cavalry sergeants who were at Fort Carson, Colorado when the Army disbanded the last mule pack outfit) put on a pageant of Colorado history. We had Indians attack a wagon train, and the cavalry came to the rescue.

"GREAT, GRAND AND HEROIC" were the words Col. William F. Cody used to describe his famous Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at the turn of the century when he took his cowboy and Indian extravaganza across the United States and throughout Europe using colorful posters, like the one shown above, to announce his appearance.

RIDES AGAIN

By Raymond Schuessler

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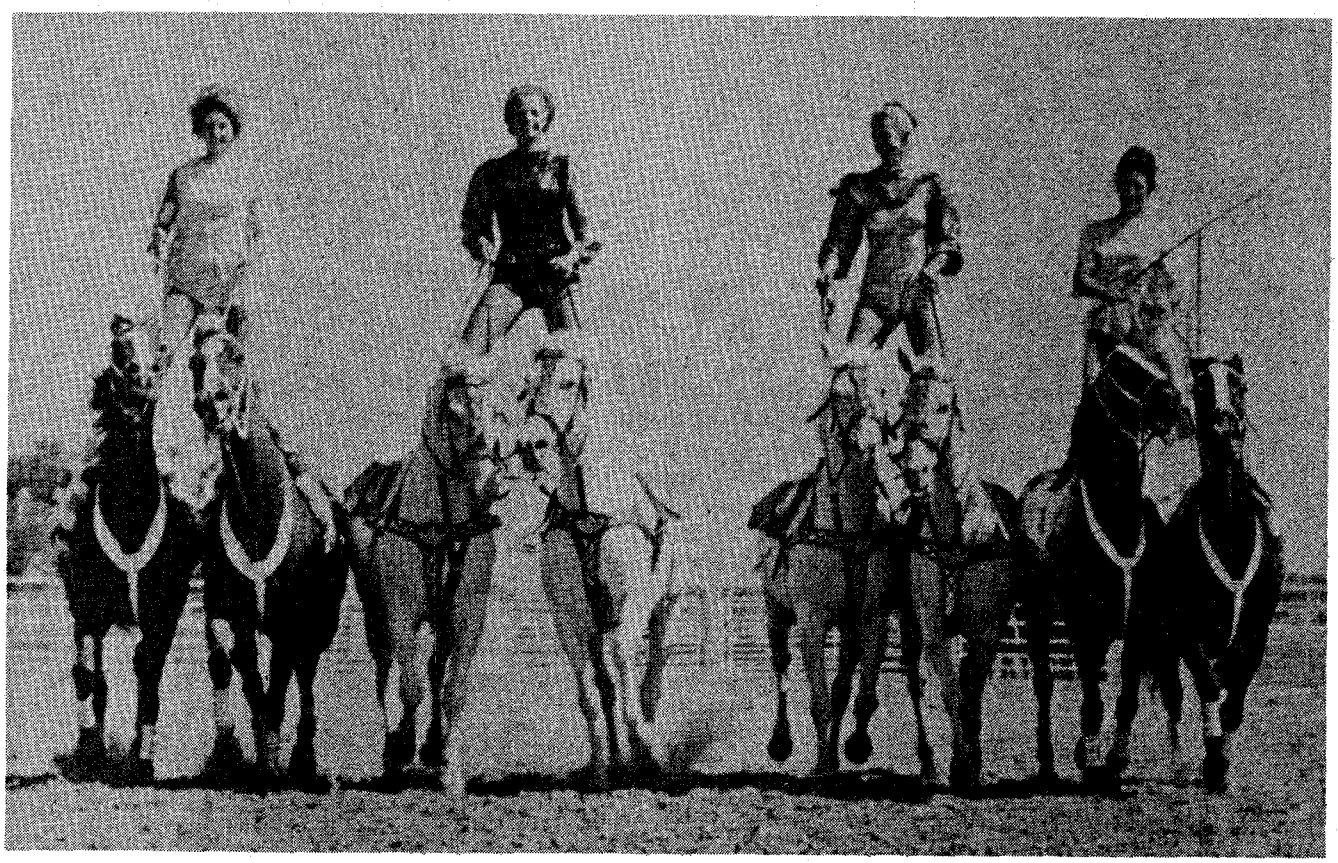

Trick Riding.

"This was the start of my idea to say, 'Gee, wouldn't it be great if there were a Wild West cowboy and Indian show on the road again.' But then, I figured I didn't know what I had to know to take such a show on the road."

But the idea was there, and now, 13 years later, Montana has recreated Buffalo Bill's Wild West & Congress of Rough Riders of the World.

One of the principals of the Buffalo Bill's Wild West & Congress of Rough Riders of the World is Jones Benally, a Navajo medicine man champion hoop dancer.

"When I was a young man," says Jones, "the elders told us to put on shoes, cut our hair and be like the educated white man ... Now I see the white youths wearing long hair tied in our traditional pony tail and going barefooted. And I ask 'should we now follow them back to the old life'?"

Jones dances and rides, though he maintains "I can do anything in the show." And it's true. He's a talented trick rope, stunt rider, silversmith and leather expert in addition to his dancing skill.

His sand paintings were a highlight of fairs and western celebrations and in performances with the U.S. Department of Commerce's "American Weeks" trade promotions in Sweden, Belgium, Spain and Australia.

Benally was born at Oraibi, Arizona, in the heartland of the Navajo Nation, one of eight sons in the house of Zannie Bahi Yazzie Benally and Hasken Benally.

His ceremonial dances include the Navajo ribbon dance, the feather dance, and the shield dance. But he is most noted for performing the spectacular hoop dance, using from 6 to 12 hoops.

This is a dance of the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest which requires great skill and coordination. Indian tradition holds that each time the dancer passes through a hoop, he adds a day and a night to his lifespan.

Another feature act is the whip-cracking act of the Australian couple, John and Vi Brady.

John and Vi Brady have brought both the Australian bush and the outback to America. "To the Aussie," John said, 'The bush' is anything away from town, 'The outback' exists for as long as you can keep going."

And it was from there that Vi's father, the late Lance Skuthorpe, brought the first Wild Australia, or Wild West shows, to the continent's city dwellers. "My father used to call it 'bringing the bush to the city'," Vi said.

Both John and Vi started as buck jump riders (bronco riders) and trick riders. They also developed another Australian Wild West skill, whip-cracking, and it has taken them as performers to 22 nations in the Far East, Mid-East, Europe and America.

"The whip is the mainstay of the Australian stockman or ringer (cowboy)," he said. "It is to the stockman what the rope is to the American cowboy."

They became known as "The Didgereedoos" because John learned to play the didgereedoo, a wind instrument developed by the aborigines for use in their coroborees. These are dances to celebrate good food, a successful hunting trip, or other pleasant events.

Whip-cracking is a high art in the Bradys' hands. Vi uses a bullwhip to flick a button off John's tongue and a stockwhip to trip the hammer of a shotgun. She uses either of the whips to light and put out a match held by John, then she brushes away the ash and cuts in half a cigarette held between his lips.

The Buffalo Bill Wild West Show has traveled around the world to huge audiences. The group appeared in more than forty Japanese cities and made special appearances over radio and

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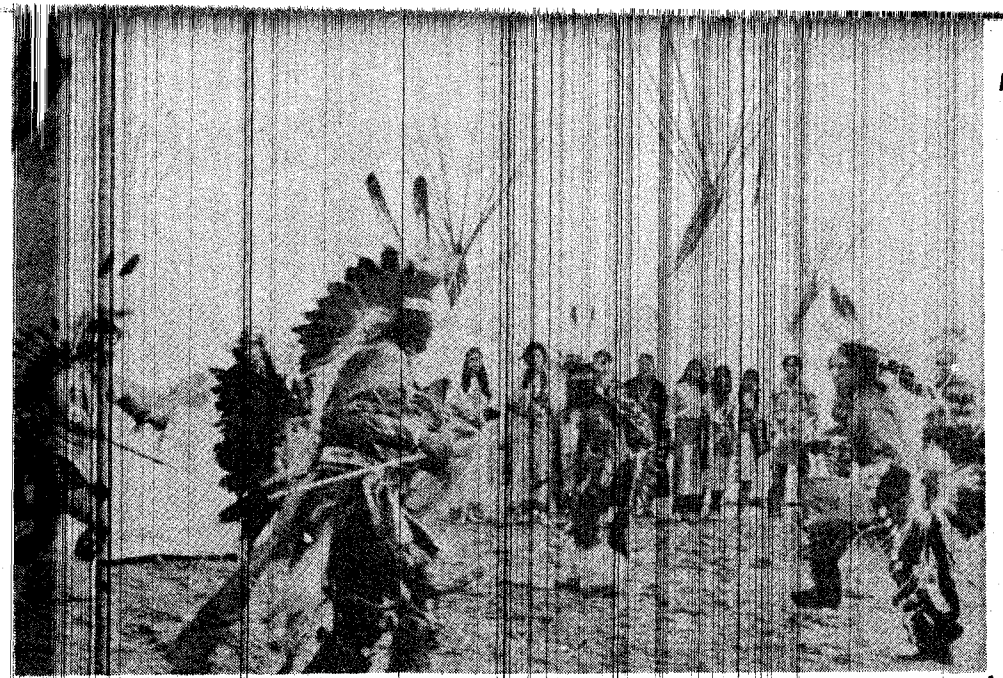


Indian Dancers.

television. (The were viewed by 25 million people on the 11 P.M. television show — Japan's answer to Johnny Carson.) Mayors of many of Japan's leading cities, including Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, Sapporo and others, gave Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show an elaborate welcome and presented the keys to their respective cities.

Monte Montana, Jr. noted the fervent interest the Japanese exhibited in Western America and specifically the "Old West". "Everywhere we went, we were greeted with enthusiasm and friendliness," he said. Montana received similar acceptance in previous years when he produced Western shows for the United States Department of Commerce in several countries including Spain, Sweden, Belgium and Australia. "The Europeans especially identify with our shows," he said, "and there are Western clubs overseas that were started when the original Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show appeared there at the turn of the century."

A colorful part of Buffalo Bill's Wild West & Congress of Rough Riders of the World is the recreation of "an Indian Prayer" translated into sign language by Indian maidens.

A deeply religious people, the American Indian plays an important role in the show.

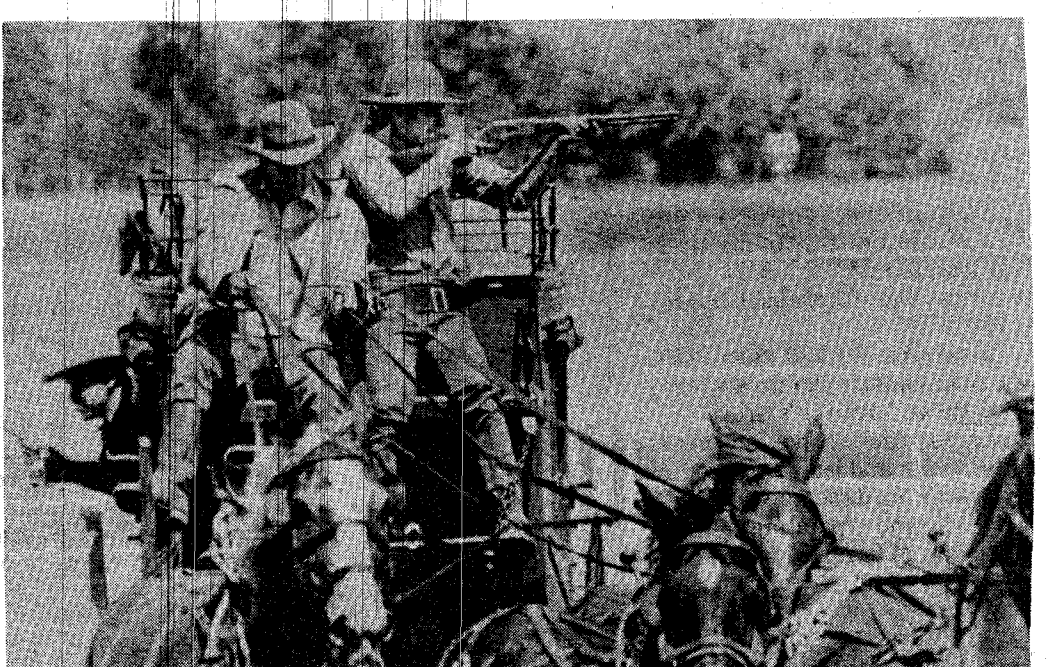
The prayer is one of universal appeal to all peoples today:

"O, Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the wind and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me: I come before you, but one of your many children, I am small and weak. I need your strength and wisdom. Let me walk in beauty through all of my days. May my eyes ever behold sunrise freshness and sunset glory. Make my hands respect the things you have made and my ears sharp to hear your many voices.

Make me wise, that I may learn the lessons you teach my people — the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock.

I seek strength — not to be superior to my brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy — myself. Make me ready with clean hands and straight eyes, so when life fades to a last sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame."

The new Wild West Show is a fine performance in the true tradition of Western arts and talents and a perfect tribute to the old Master himself. Buffalo Bill would heartily approve of the venture. "Great, Grand and Heroic" he would surely call it. ● **RW**



A Stagecoach holdup

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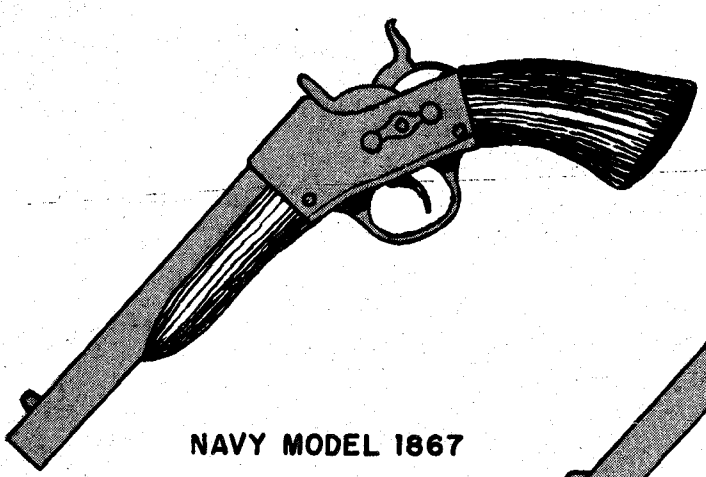
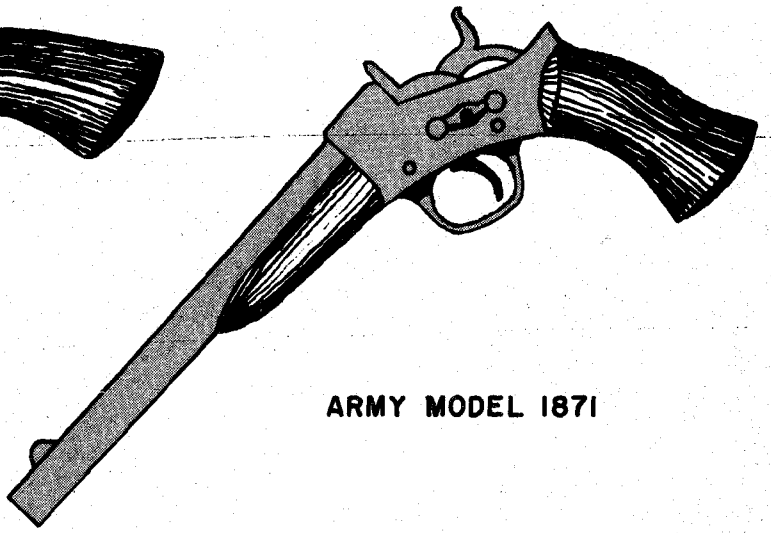
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



NAVY MODEL 1867



ARMY MODEL 1871

As the rugged and dependable "rolling block" rifles of Remington were so widely used on the western frontier, it was natural that other Remington firearms with that same action should also appear there. These consisted of shotguns in several gauges and pistols for every purpose. All of these arms were single - shot, breech loading, metallic cartridge arms. The rifles and pistols came chambered for both center fire and rimfire cartridges. The standard shotguns were center fire.

The reason for their wide popularity was partly environmental. All Remington arms had a reputation for strength and power superior to most rival makes. Under the rough conditions on the frontier shortly after the Civil War, a settler in a sod shanty often sacrificed the advantages of a repeating arm in favor of a rolling block. Many earlier repeaters were prone to get out of order, while this famed family of Remington single - shots practically never did, and the nearest gunsmith might be 200 miles away as the buzzard flies.

It was no coincidence that the Army and the Navy both adopted large - caliber rolling block pistols at this period when many revolvers were well known and readily available. It must be remembered, too, that an experienced man could load and fire six shots from these metallic - cartridge single - shots in less time than a percussion revolver could be loaded and fired - using loose powder, balls and separate caps. Nitrated "skin" cartridges were scarce and expensive, and the excellent breech loading revolver of Colt, of Remington and of Smith & Wesson had not yet made their appearance.

Perhaps these points may explain the popularity of all Remington Rolling blocks, especially during the period between 1867 and about 1875. For the target shooters, this action remained in production for a great deal longer than that.

But here we are concerned with the military and the defensive weapons which saw hard service in the West.

Regular readers of this department will remember a previous explanation of a typical rolling block action. First the Large Hammer was cocked. This left the breech block free to pivot back and down by means of an offset knob. An extractor was activated by the

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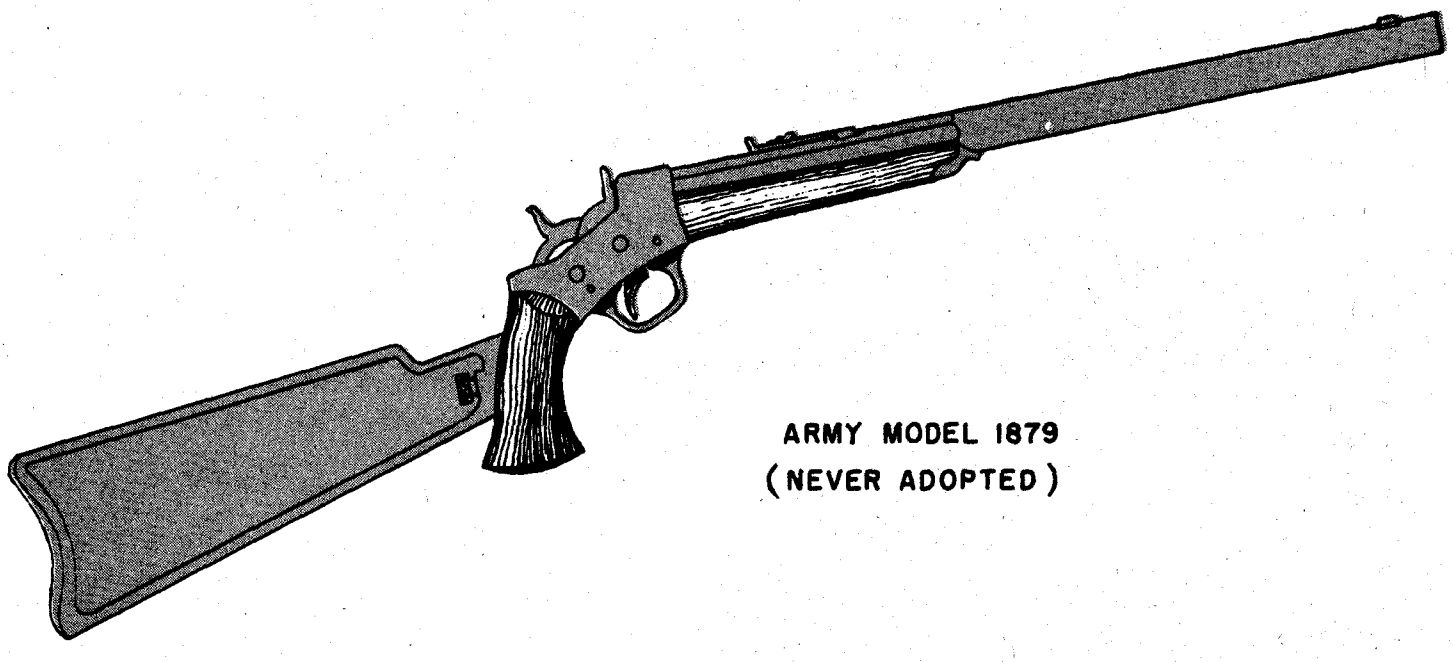
REMINGTON ROLLING BLOCK PISTOLS



ARMY MODEL 1879
(NEVER ADOPTED)

Sketched by author

opening of the breech. A cartridge was inserted in the chamber, and the breech block flipped forward to close.

The arm was ready to fire, or if desired, the hammer could be lowered to a safety half-cock position to carry the weapon loaded.

Upon firing, as the hammer fell, a heavy lug upon its base rotated under the breech block to securely lock it closed, against the force of the explosion. It was simplicity itself. All parts were massive and the two pivot pins (for hammer and block) were very thick. This made a foolproof and extremely sturdy action with few moving parts. No wonder it found favor with the westerners! It was for these same reasons that a dozen foreign countries adopted the Remington rolling block for their military services, as our government did.

Our Ordnance Departments chose a rolling block pistol in .50 center fire for the Navy (Model 1867) and a similar one for the Army (Model 1871). The chief difference was in the shape of the butt.

Then there had earlier been a Model 1865 Navy, in .50 caliber rimfire, with a longer barrel and a sheath trigger.

As late as 1879, a new rolling block model was developed for the Army. In .44 center fire, this had a long, 16 inch, half-octagon barrel, adjustable rear sight, and a skeleton shoulder stock which could be attached or removed by one knurled screw. Thus it was capable of use either as a long pistol or as a short carbine.

But the era of the military single-shot pistol had ended with the Model 1871 Remington. The M1879 was developed at the suggestion of Army officials, but it was never adopted. Some 1879 pistol-carbines were sold to civilians for saddle guns. Not many were made, and this model is now a rare collector's item.

The M1867 and M1871, by contrast, were widely used by western civilians. This was especially true as they became obsolete for military issue and were sold for several dollars apiece.

They are to be seen in a number of the Smithsonian's photographs of famed Indian Leaders. Again, we can assume that their dependability and simplicity held great appeal for the red men, and ammunition was easier to procure than in the case of some non-military cartridges. ●RW

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Courtesy Curtis Phillips, Phillips Camera House, Bishop, California.

A photo of Joe Simpson taken after drunken miners exhumed his body and "rehanged" him for the benefit of out of town press.

The Man Who Was HANGED TWICE

By Peter J. Kaltenbach

The ghost town of Skidoo lies on a slope of the Panamint Mountains in California. Here in 1908, a two-bit gunfighter named Hootch Simpson walked into the Southern California Bank. He shot Jim Arnold in cold blood and was hung forthwith until he was dead. How and why Hootch was hung again is what this unusual article is all about.

High in the western slopes of Death Valley's rugged Panamint mountains lies the ghost town of Skidoo. What was once home to almost a thousand people is today but a sign post on a deserted hillside. Little is left but a few weathered graves, a decaying ore crusher, and some old tent foundations.

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SKIDOO NEWS.

VOL. II, NO 18 SKIDOO, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1908 TEN CENTS

MURDER IN CAMP

Murderer Lynched

WITH GENERAL APPROVAL

Joe Simpson Shoots Jim Arnold Dead and Is Hanged By Citizens

The disturbance which has shaken this community to the roots, in the past few days, opened on Sunday morning last, at about eleven o'clock, when Joe Simpson, familiarly known as Joe 'Hootch' (that being his favorite beverage) held up the Southern Calif. Bank here, for the nimble sum of twenty dollars, that being the sum of his immediate need. He was overpowered before he could collect, and his gun taken from him. He returned to the bank (which is located in the store) again and became very abusive Jim Arnold, managing partner in the store, finally put him out. Three hours later, he returned again with his gun and deliberately shot Arnold, who was unarmed. He turned, and covered the banker, Ralph E. Dobbs and would probably have killed him had not his [illegible] He was overpowered and handcuffed. Arnold died the same evening. An inquest on Arnold's body was held on Monday, the jury returning a verdict, "killed by gun-shot wound, inflicted by Joe Simpson." Sometime on Wednesday night an armed body of citizens overpowered the sheriff and seized prisoner and hanged him to a telephone pole. On Thursday, inquest was held on Simpson's body, the jury finding that "he died by strangulation by persons unknown." The body was disposed of.

raised his gun and shot Arnold just below the heart. Turning quickly, he threw his gun on Mr. Dobbs behind the bank counter an commanded him to come out and die, but before he could fulfil his threat, he realized his own danger, and backed out into the street. Simpson's entrance to the store and the crack of the shot, caused a scene, that, for a moment, was more dramatically tense, than ever pictured in play or story. Constable Sellers, who was reading a newspaper in the Club saloon, snatched up a shot gun and loaded as he ran, the shells wadged!! flinging it down, he leaned over and grabbed six-shooter from beneath the bar. The rapidity of his actions may be judged from the fact that he was up with the murderer, before he had crossed the street. Others were equally quick. At the sound of the shot Dr. Macdonald dashed into Pfluger's saloon and snatched up a long barrelled winchester rifle. It was a great moment. Two minutes before Sellers shot he highly commended for the great bravery he displayed through out the action. He virtually carried his life in his hand, from the time he appeared upon the street, until he had subdued the murderer. He showed great patience too, with McBain. Many officers would have shot him down without argument.

Simpson handcuffed, but jubilant at his cowardly crime and at the hot fight he had put up, was taken to the Club saloon until a guard-house could be decided upon.

DEATH OF ARNOLD.

When Simpson's first bullet tore its way through Arnold's vitals, he sank to the floor crying. "For God's sake don't shoot again for. You've got me now" and in the excitement of the dramatic events of Simpson's capture, he was for a moment, half-forgotten. Like a dying wild animal that likes its lair, Arnold crawled behind the counter into the cellar below, his life ebbing away from internal hemorrhage. He was found and carried down to Dr. Macdonald's surgery. A cursory examination convinced the doctor that the chances were against the patient. The bullet had entered just below the heart and passing beneath the ninth rib, punctured the corner of the liver, severed the spinal artery and passed out of the body in the small of the back.

tions about his interference, that are naturally received in other deaths. After due deliberation, the jury, consisting of W. B. Follansbee, M. Gavaldon, A. H. Swinerton, J. H. Wilson, C. J. Shackett, A. T. Hall, J. J. Sheehy, F. Pfluger and W. McCoy, brought in a verdict "that the deceased, James Arnold had died from life effects of a gun-shot wound, inflicted by Joseph L. Simpson."

Early in the day, the District Attorney was telegraphed for to take charge of the case. The funeral was arranged for the following day and it was then the widespread feeling of regret and deep respect in which the deceased was held, manifested itself.

A DESERT FUNERAL

At noon on Tuesday the victim was buried, with a simplicity and pathos, unknown in large communities. The casket, fashioned with living hands in the carpenter's shop of the Skidoo Mines Co., was placed on a wagon suitable draped, and drawn out to the cemetary. In the absence of a clergyman, A. T. Hall conducted the service, which was opened by the singing of "Rock of Ages" by a male quartette, composed of Charles J. Shackett, Thorleif Olsen, S. W. Kline and Judge Frank Thisse. Following this, Mr. Hall read the Burial Service of the Church of England. No atmosphere of surplice and

follows. "In the early part of the week, I feared violence, but as the excitement died off. On Wednesday evening, shortly before midnight, the [illegible] and Deputy Heath and myself were overpowered. A dozen guns were pressed against us and we were told that if we made a sound, we would have to take the consequence. The guard-house was a one-roomed building of thin corrugated iron, in poor repair. The walls could be forced in anywhere. Consequently [illegible] The night was so dark I was unable to recognize one man from another. There was a large number present, about fifty I judge. Only two of the party spoke. I could not recognize either voice. The prisoner was awakened taken from us. Guards remained at the door and window to prevent us from escaping out. We saw nothing of the lynching."

The body was discovered early next day, hanging, and Judge Thisse acting as of the fact. He immediately ordered the body to be cut down. An inquest was held later in the day, but no information could be obtained as to who the people were, who did it. While there was a general feeling of relief outside the court, investigation was conducted with due dignity. The judge evidently felt his position very keenly. Outside the court, several references were made that provoked a smile. One bystander

Courtesy Curtis Phillips, Phillips Camera House, Bishop, California.

Front page of the April 25, 1908 issue of the Skidoo News with the banner headlines announcing the lynching.

In the winter of 1906 two prospectors, Harry Ramsey and his partner, One-Eyed Thompson, were on their way to Harrisburg, California, a new boom town. Due to some heavy winter fog, they got lost on a mist-shrouded peak. Trying to find their way, they discovered a rich vein of gold-bearing quartz. This was the spot destined to be called Skidoo.

After being assayed, the ore proved to be much richer than that found in Harrisburg, about ten miles south. As news of the strike spread, in no time 600 miners swarmed in the area making this another boom town. Tents were hurriedly erected. Rutted wagon trails became streets. Exploratory shafts were sunk on hastily staked claims.

The name Skidoo never failed to evoke comment. It had a curious beginning. Water was very scarce, so for a time it was hauled up the mountain from Emigrant Spring down on the valley floor. At $2.00 a barrel it was awfully expensive. Gold mining operations needed a lot of water which was used during the crushing of the ore. So a pipeline was thought to be the answer. A prominent local citizen, active in California and Nevada mining interests, put up the money. It took eighteen months of very hard work, but the pipeline was completed. The final cost was something over $250,000. It stretched from the still unnamed townsite to Telescope Peak, 23 miles across the desert. After completion, there was even enough water for bathing!

While all this pipeline construction was going on, the town still didn't have a name. A town meeting was held. Many of the attending miners had ideas, but finally a suggestion was made to call it 23 Skidoo. This made reference to the distance covered by the pipeline. It was also a popular phrase at the time.

Well, 23 Skidoo it was until the town applied for a branch post office. The Post Office Department objected to the number "23", so it was dropped from the name. The town was finally known as Skidoo.

But don't expect to find the name Skidoo among the names of more famous western cities like Virginia City, Dodge, and Tombstone. Skidoo was part of the last great gold rush of the West, the Death Valley bonanzas. The miners who discovered Skidoo, Harrisburg, and many others were a dying breed. The world was changing, and the single blanket, jackass prospector was becoming a living fossil.

Skidoo is best remembered for a most remarkable hanging which took place in April of 1908. A local saloon owner and two-bit gunfighter, Joe (Hootch) Simpson had been drunk for days. (He was known as Hootch since he had a fondness for booze.) Joe, a short man with thinning black hair, a scraggly beard and filthy, sweat stained clothes, was best known for his terrible temper. Without the slightest provocation he would fight anyone, and today was no exception.

On Easter Sunday, April 19, his money finally ran out. Hootch figured life had dealt him a bad hand. So he decided the only way to get more money was to shoot a banker.

He staggered out of his saloon, crossing a rutted dirt street. He entered the Skidoo Trading Co. store in which the Southern California Bank office was located.

Unsteadily, he wrenched the pistol from his pants, getting the drop on the cashier, Ralph Dobbs. He demanded $20.00. "Gimme the money or ya die!" yelled the inflamed Simpson.

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Before he could carry out his threat, a group of local citizens overpowered him. It turned out to be quite a fight. Even after he was subdued, the store manager had to throw him out when he became abusive.

While all this was going on, the local deputy sheriff, Henry Sellers, arrived with the handcuffs. Sellers, a tall, angular man, intended to handcuff Hootch to the nearest pole since the town didn't possess a jail.

There is some discrepancy between the newspaper accounts and eyewitnesses about what happened next. The Los Angeles *Times* reported that Deputy Sellers handcuffed Hootch to a pole and he was later released. But eyewitnesses say that Simpson was not tied to a pole but was turned over to his partner, Fred Oakes and another man. They promised to keep an eye on him. It was reported that Hootch voluntarily went to bed, trying to sleep it off. While he slept, his partner hid the gun.

Attempted bank robbery was no light offense. To top it off, Hootch was already under a bond of good behavior from the court at Independence, California. It seems his last visit there resulted in a shot-up hotel.

Most of the inhabitants of the mining camps were very tolerant. They usually looked the other way concerning many things. But murder, rape, horse thieving, claim jumping and bank robbery were about all they took exception to. It was a standing joke that the County Sheriff would never make a trip into Death Valley for anything less than murder.

Hootch slept about three hours. He awakened, dressed, and searched for his pistol. Finding it, he went looking for Jim Arnold.

The bank counter was deserted. Jim Arnold had his back to the door as Hootch entered.

Walking up behind him, Hootch asked "Have you got anything against me, Jim?".

"Joe, I ain't got anything against you." Jim turned his back to him momentarily, but Hootch spun him around and screamed, "Yes you have. Prepare to die!"

With that remark he leveled a pistol at Arnold's chest and shot him through the chest. Jim Arnold fell mortally wounded to the dirt covered floor. He died ten hours later from his wound.

In a moment the camp outside was in utter confusion. Armed men scurried from every building and tent. Most were dressed in anything they could find.

Down the street, Deputy Sellers came running, his gun raised. Running faster than he ever had, Sellers chased Hootch into a nearby restaurant, scattering tables, dishes, and diners. Hootch made for the rear door. Right behind him was the fleet-footed Sellers. The lawman got close enough to crack him over the head with his pistol, but Hootch, still drunk, didn't feel it. He tried to wrench his gun free from would-be attackers who were coming to the deputies' aid.

The deputy, realizing he had but a split second, slipped his gun barrel into Hootch's ear, threatening to blow his head off. Before he could do that, however, Hootch squeezed off three last wild shots, one which just missed Seller's stomach.

Hootch was finally subdued. As they dragged him off to a nearby saloon, he was bragging about the good fight he had put up.

In no time the tragic news of Jim Arnold's shooting and subsequent death spread through the Panamint mining camps. As a crowd gathered in Skidoo, there was strong talk of a lynching. A few levelheaded miners prevailed.

One of these was a man named Tom McNulty. He told the assembled miners. "We all knew Hootch was drunk. He had to be to hold up a bank for 20 bucks."

A murmur of agreement rippled through the crowd. He continued, "Sure Jim was our friend. Hootch should be punished, but by the law, not with a rope here."

But Tom himself couldn't help feeling that Jim Arnold's death was unnecessary. Why hadn't Hootch been disarmed and taken to Independence for trial after the first episode?

Jim Arnold had been one of the town's foremost citizens. He had helped lay out the town after its founding. His mining interests were quite large. His store, the Skidoo Trading Co., was the first general store in the area. For a while, he served as Justice of the Peace. In that capacity he had prosecuted Hootch several times for minor crimes. This is probably the reason for his death.

On Monday morning, a hastily held inquest found that Hootch should be locked in the town's temporary jail then transported to Independence for trial.

The mob had grown restless. But with much pleading, Tom McNulty, Pete Aquerberry, and others kept them away.

Finally, on the third night after days of heavy drinking, the mob of enraged miners dragged Joe (Hootch) Simpson out of the temporary jail. He was pushed unconscious onto a horse. A rope was slipped over his head and tightened around his neck. The free end was tossed over a nearby telephone pole. One of the crowd slapped the horse, and Hootch met his death.

No one stopped the hanging.

Next day, after his body was cut down, there followed the shortest inquest in history. Although, everyone in town was there, no one saw who did it. The official verdict was that Hootch died, "by a visitation of men".

Hootch was buried in a shallow gulley on the south side of town, not in the town cemetery.

As news of the murder and then the hanging spread, the large metropolitan newspapers in Los Angeles and San Francisco sent men to cover the story. Newsmen and photographers set out to get the story firsthand and report back.

Getting to Skidoo took some doing. It involved both regular and narrow gauge rail travel, stage coach, buckboard, and finally several miles on foot. By the time they reached Skidoo, Hootch had been dead two days. Now what were they gonna do?

Never underestimate the power of the press. They weren't going to leave without a story and a few pictures.

With the help of lots of free booze, it didn't take too long to talk the miners into digging up old Hootch again.

And dig him up they did. They exhumed his body from its rocky new home. But because of the grisly nature of the deed after dusting him off, they rehanged Hootch in a tent away from the eyes of women and children. The press got all the pictures they needed.

As soon as the picture-taking session was over, the already well-lubricated miners hurried back to the saloons. They were in such a hurry, in fact, that they just threw poor Hootch's body down a deserted mine shaft and left it!

However, the final chapter to Hootch has yet to be told. The local medical man, Doctor McDonald, had been treating Hootch for an advanced case of syphilis, then an incurable disease. The disease had

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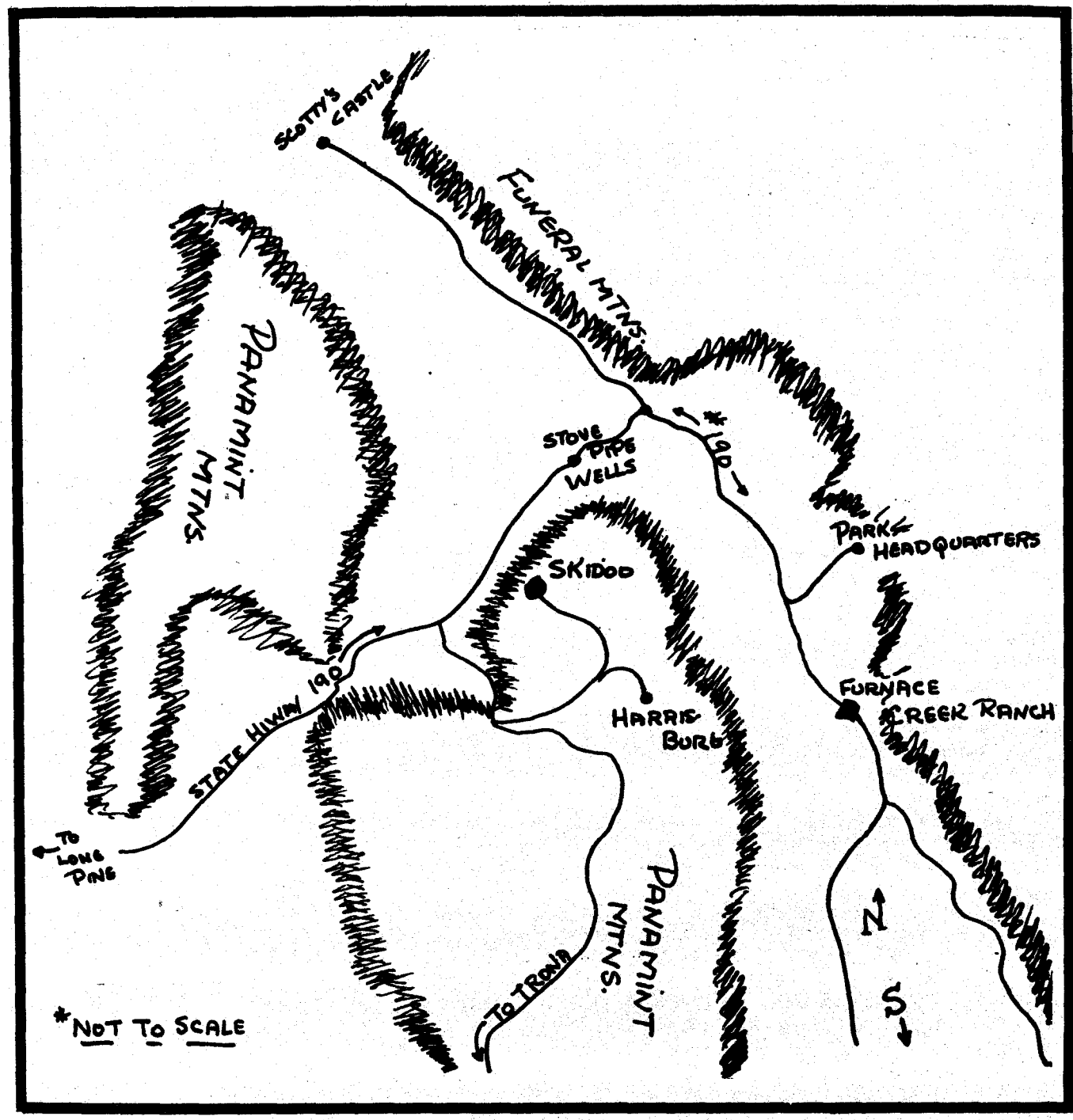

Map locating Skidoo in the Panamint Mountains of southern California.

progressed to such a point as to be destroying the bones of his head. The terrific pain could only be numbed by narcotics from the doctor, or by vast quantities of alcohol.

Only Doctor McDonald knew what really bad shape Hootch had been in. The doctor felt it had been only a matter of time until his mind snapped.

Doctor McDonald wanted to find out what inroads the disease had made on Hootch's skull. So, one night, the good doctor lowered himself into the dark mine shaft and removed Hootch's head. He processed it for several days to carefully remove any tissue. This would permit a closer examination. What he found was not disclosed.

Hootch, minus his head, lay in the mine for several weeks. Some friends of his in Beatty, Nevada, heard about his sad end. They set out to recover his body and give him a decent resting place.

These friends, two dance hall chippies, procured the services of a local Indian to bring up the body from the mine. They journeyed to Skidoo, put Hootch into a large canvas bag, and set out across the desert again.

They ran into an unexpected problem. Owing to Hootch's delicate condition, along with the early summer heat, it was decided to bury him in the desert.

He was buried in some large sand dunes. Where Hootch rests today is a mystery. Some scattered human bones were found several years ago in the general area, but no one can be sure.

The town of Skidoo is seldom visited by campers and sightseers. Little do they know of the history or that there was once a fine night for a hanging. ● **RW**

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

WINNEMUCCA PHILANTHROPIST

Colonel Comins of Winnemucca, Nevada, has given Middlebury College (Vermont) a silver mine — estimated present value, $30,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 5, 1882

PENALTY FOR FAILURE

A white physician was recently called by a Spokane Indian to treat his sick son, on the Klamath reservation in Oregon. The boy died and the father shot the physician dead and fled.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 5, 1882

POLYGAMOUS MARRIAGES STILL OCCUR IN UTAH

The Salt Lake Tribune declares that polygamous marriages still occur in Utah, and gives the names of several Mormons who recently increased their number of wives in the Endowment House.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 5, 1882

BRUTALITY NOT ALL ON THE INDIAN SIDE

The brutality in Indian warfare is not all on the side of the savages. A large party of Indians attacked a wagon train near Clifton, New Mexico, the other day, and the teamsters having captured one of them scalped him and roasted him alive.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 5, 1882

ROBERT AND CHARLES FORD INDICTED FOR MURDER

Robert and Charles Ford, who were indicted for murder by the Grand Jury at St. Joseph, Mo., last week in killing Jesse James, pleaded guilty upon being arraigned, were sentenced to be hanged, and were promptly pardoned by Governor Crittenden. Robert, however, was immediately rearrested upon the charge of murdering one Wood Hite. Frank James and other followers of the dead outlaw are said to be on the track of all concerned in his killing, and resolved upon their destruction.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 29, 1882

LILY LANGTRY TOURS ENGLAND

Mrs. Langtry has finished her English tour and gone to Ireland. She is credited with having made more money during her tour than has ever previously been made by a theatrical "star", her net profit having in one week amounted to above $7,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 5, 1882

CROW INDIANS RESTLESS

The Crow Indians in Montana Territory are again showing signs of restlessness that it is feared they intend much mischief. they have already committed a number of outrages.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 12, 1882

ROBERT CROCKETT IN THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS

Robert Crockett, a grandson of the famous Davy Crockett, is publishing a literary paper at DeWitt, Arkansas.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 12, 1882

SMUGGLERS WASHED OUT

A party of six smugglers, who recently encamped for the night in a canyon in the Swisholm Mountains of Arizona, were all, save one, drowned in a cloudburst.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 26, 1882

PLAGUE OF TOADS IN OREGON

A vast army of toads passed through Linkville, Oregon, a few weeks ago. They were migrating up the Klamath River, and were so numerous that on large areas it was impossible for a person to walk without stepping on them.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 26, 1882

INDIANS BECOMING PROHIBITIONISTS

Even the Indians are becoming prohibitionists. Some of the red men at the Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, have asked the agent to post notices offering $50 reward for evidence by which any person is convicted of furnishing liquor to Indians under the law, and the savages will themselves pay the money.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 26, 1882

HANK MONK IN MONTANA

Horace Greeley's famous stage-driver, Hank Monk, is now driving on the proposed line of the Northern Pacific in Montana. A particularly bold but inexperienced road-agent undertook to stop his coach the other day, near Billings, but Hank whipped up his horses and dashed off with five bullets flying after him, one of which struck one of the wheel horses. The animal did not, however, break down till the stage reached a freighters' camp half a mile on.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 26, 1882

YELLOW FEVER IN BROWNSVILLE

The yellow fever continues to rage at Brownsville, Texas; an average of twenty new cases and three or four deaths occurring every day. The disease is increasing at Matamoras, Mexico, where eight deaths occurred in a day.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 26, 1882 ●RW

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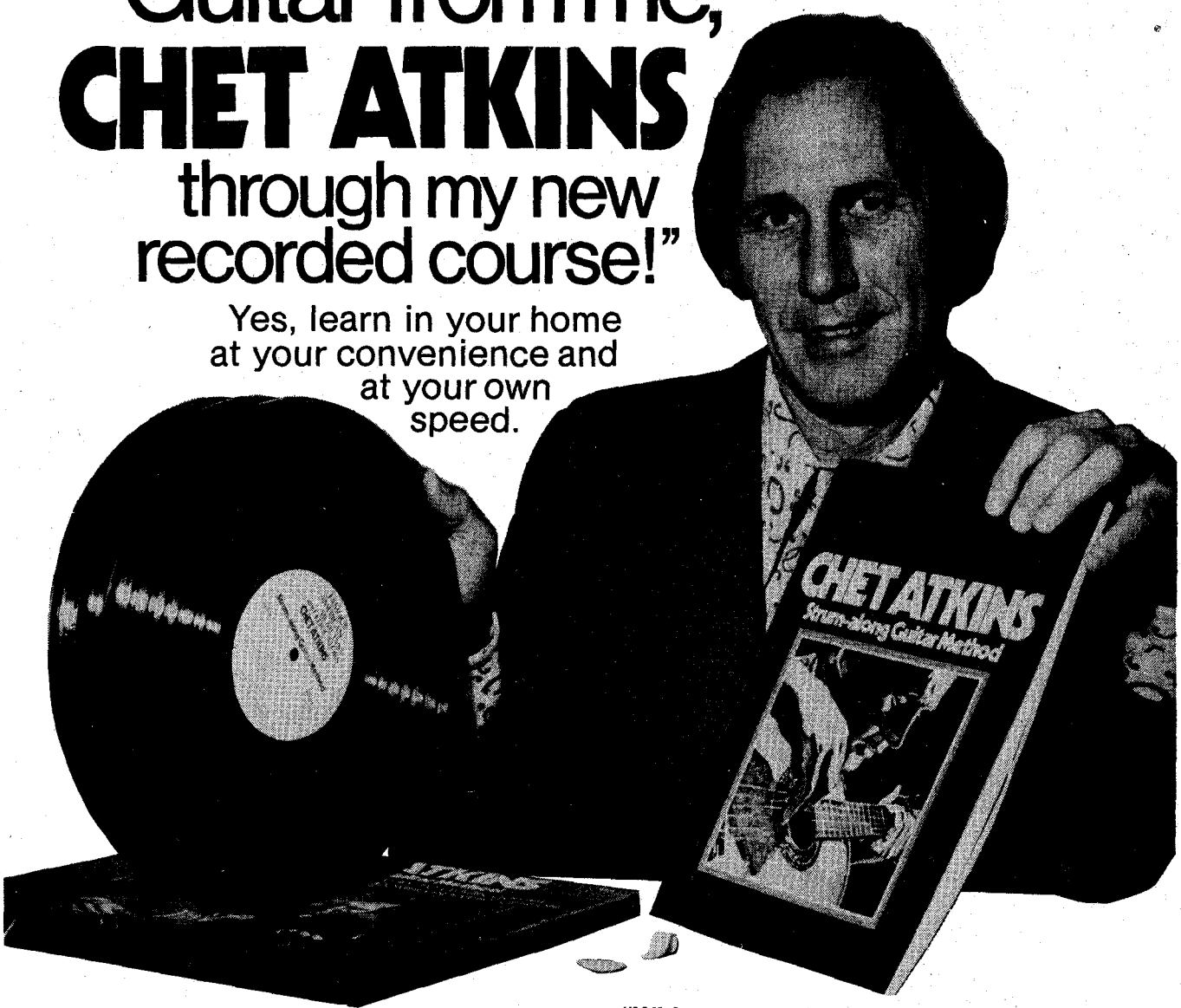

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SPIRIT OF '76 AGAIN

(continued from page 34)

For the nation, the intention of the Centennial was to show Europe that the United States had come of age and to encourage emigrants to settle here. For the states, participating in the Centennial was both a question of state pride and of economics. Western states and territories, especially, wanted to encourage migration to their areas.

One editorial which ran in several Missouri papers, for example, asked this question: "Do you wish to have industrious, thrifty emigrants come to work on farms, in mines and workshops and to bring money with them to purchase mines and machinery?" And it suggested that a display of the resources and accomplishments at the Centennial would achieve that purpose.

The Centennial opened in Philadelphia in May and closed on November 10, 1876 — during the Presidential election that year in which another Republican, Rutherford B. Hayes, was elected in spite of the scandal of the Grant administration. The Philadelphia Fair was the big party, but across the country, in every city and hamlet, the spirit of '76 caught fire.

One Midwestern editor in commenting upon the celebrations in his hometown wrote: "Our city has had parties and entertainments of a patriotic nature until we feel that this part of the land is free from 'treason, stratagem, and spoils.' Fortunately for our people the centennial comes but once in a century. If oftener, we would be overcome."

In spite of the shaky preparations, the Centennial proved to be a great success. It is impossible to judge, of course, how much effect the Centennial had in uniting the country or in improving public morals. There were arguments that the Presidential election that year had been won by fraud, but not until Teapot Dome, in the 1920's, were there scandals the likes of the Grant years. But the fair was packed for over six months, and Americans had a great time.

One Westerner, after his week in Philadelphia, said of the exhibition: "Our eyes became so accustomed to that which was great, grand and gorgeous and our ears listened to so much (perhaps including Whitman's poem) that was instructive, melodious and amusing that we had but one complaint and that was that there was too much to it."

Dorothy J. Caldwell, an editor of the *Missouri Historical Review,* in judging the exposition, noted that Missourians, generally speaking, did not wholeheartedly support the fair. She argues, however, that its success helped to make the idea of a World Fair popular and encouraged the people of Missouri to hold a Louisiana Purchase Exposition to 1904.

Most surprising of all, the Centennial Exposition was a financial success. Congress got its money back; the stockholders were paid full value for their stock; and anyone who bought one of the Centennial Medals, which sold for one dollar, had a small legacy to leave to his heirs. They are now valued at over $100 each.

Americans today reviewing the account of America's first "Birthday Party" are likely to be both dismayed and comforted by the parallels between the 1870's and the 1970's. Then and now, Americans are divided, there are complaints of government corruption, and support for the second Centennial is slow in coming.

But if the old French adage that the "more things change, the more they remain the same," seems to be holding true, the second centennial celebration of American independence should be a success. And those who celebrate the most might even find themselves repeating the words of that nineteenth-century editor, "Fortunately for our people the centennial comes but once a century." ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

An excellent account of the Centennial and its effect upon one state is Dorothy J. Caldwell's "Missourians and the Spirit of '76," *Missouri Historical Review,* LXVIII (Oct., 1972), 31-51. The primary accounts are James D. McCabe's *Illustrated History of the Centennial Exhibition Held in Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence* (Philadelphia, 1877) and the *U.S. Centennial Commission* reports, 1876.

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Nevada's First Telegraph Wire, THE GRAPEVINE LINE

By
Richard Taylor

A thin coil of wire and a small telegrapher's key, when coupled, were suddenly bringing a halt to Pony Express operations all over the country during the last half of the 19th century. Nevada's link in the system, though a bit crude, was quite effective. It was known as "Bee's Grapevine Line".

The project got its name from its builder, Fred A. Bee, who together with his partners: Lovell, Bishop, Jones and Randall, founded the Placerville, Humboldt and Salt Lake Telegraph Company. These far-seeing men pioneered western communication.

On July 4, 1858, Bee's company, with its headquarters in Virginia City, Nevada, set the first pole on the line which would ultimately become the transcontinental telegraph. By early autumn the first wire reached Genoa, which connected Nevada with Placerville, California.

Within six months it was extended to Carson City, and in 1859 boomtown Virginia City became the Nevada Terminus.

Bee's company operated on a low budget, so it was to their advantage to use "natural telegraph poles" as much as possible. Consequently, the first line over the Sierras was supported by rugged pine trees that could withstand the harsh winters better than any man-made posts.

At first, many jokingly called the thin wire that stretched from treetop to treetop, "Bee's Grapevine Line". But it opened up communications with the speed of light and put an end to the Pony Express.

During 1860 Congress approved the construction of a telegraph line from Missouri to San Francisco. The eastern terminal was to be Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and the western Terminal was Fort Churchill, Nevada. The Overland Telegraph Company was organized, and $1,250,000 was appropriated for the project. A new era was beginning.

After this telegraph line was completed, it was still necessary for Pony Express riders to carry messages to the telegraph operators. From Fort Churchill, dispatches were relayed to the Carson operator who relayed them on to Placerville. From Placerville they were sent on to San Francisco. It was slow by our standards today but many hours faster than pony riders could have carried them.

At last, in 1861, the Nevada line was extended from Fort Churchill through Austin and Ruby Valley and on to Salt Lake City, completing the transcontinental telegraph.

Pioneer Fred A. Bee's "Grapevine Line," had paved the way and helped win better communications for the West.

●RW

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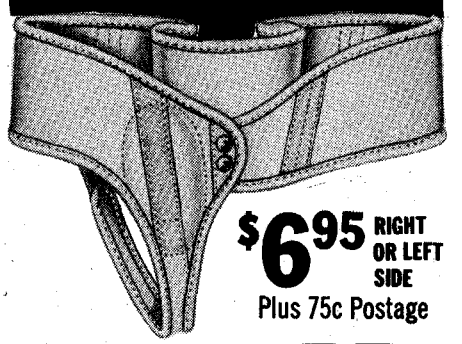

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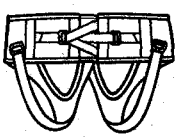

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AMBROSE BIERCE

(continued from page 17)

Proceeding west toward San Francisco, the party camped at the very site of the Donner tragedy. The campsite appealed to Bierce's sense of the grotesque. He wrote that the Donners dined on food quite different from his own.

Ultimate disillusion awaited him in San Francisco. His permanent commission was waiting for him at the Presidio — but it was only as a second lieutenant. He thought he was at least entitled to be a captain.

In blind fury, Bierce damned Washington and the War Department for rank ingratitude. He stormed that he was through with the U.S. Army. He shouted that he would stay in San Francisco.

Sympathetic soldiers at the Presidio tipped him that the position as night watchman at the U.S. Mint was open. Because of his service as a treasury agent in Selma, Bierce received the job at the lordly salary of $1,500 per year.

Anger at the Army expanded into anger at mankind in general and soon exploded into anger at the whole universe. Soon he was getting into strong arguments with his fellow workers at the Mint by expressing atheistic views. To reinforce these anti-everything views, he began raiding the public library, bringing home stacks and stacks of books. He especially liked such witty and dissenting writers as Alexander Pope and Edmund Burke, as well as Lord Byron. Soon he was writing atheistic essays, circulating them among his fellow workers like religious tracts.

This developed into sending caustic letters and essays to local publications, attacking San Francisco's sacred cows, even including the "noble '49ers".

These letters and essays certainly made a hit with F.A. Marriott and James Watkins, the publishers of the weekly *San Francisco News-Letter.* They realized that such outrageous opinions brought readership. Watkins sent Bierce a note asking him to drop by the office. By December, 1868, Bierce was the *News-Letter* editor.

Typical Bierce editorials were: that a man elected Governor of Virginia would never be heard from again unless he were arrested for theft; that after stoning a Chinaman, a group of young men went into a church to find out about the kindness of Jesus. Fellow journalists were subjected to invective that would be libelous today. Bierce called Michael H. DeYoung, publisher of the *San Francisco Chronicle,* "a liar, a scoundrel, and, perhaps, a coward".

Rampant graft and corruption in San Francisco provided constant delight to Ambrose Bierce.

Mollie Day's family moved on the edge of the San Francisco snobocracy. Though well fixed, they were not "super-rich" as were the Hearsts, Huntingtons, Fairs or Stanfords. Rather than being a mine owner such as Sen. George Hearst, Capt. Holland H. Day had been a mine superintendent. While in Virginia City, Capt. Day had lived in the same rooming house as Mark Twain.

Mollie's mother had ambitions that the girl would marry into Nob Hill society; but the girl found tall, irreverent, defiant Bierce a romantic figure. She agreed with him that he was a new incarnation of Lord Byron.

Appropriately for a self-styled "atheist", they were married on Christmas Day.

For a wedding present the bride's family gave the couple a trip to England. The gift delighted Bierce. Now that he had tasted literary success, he looked forward to making a name for himself in London, the very capital of the literary world. He looked forward to following the footsteps of his heroes such as Pope, Swift and Byron and moving in the circles of the great literary men of the Victorian Age. One of his friends in London was W.S. Gilbert of Gilbert-and-Sullivan operetta fame, who shared a humorously sardonic outlook on life.

Unfortunately, the money ran out before the literary career was established. The would-be expatriate had to abandon the paths of Henry James and T.S. Eliot and return to his home field of San Francisco.

Radicalism and the threat of revolution erupted in San Francisco, just in time for Bierce's return. Its threat provided Bierce with a job on his homecoming to replace the one he had given up to go to London.

The followers of Denis Kearney were unemployed and discontented. They thought that not only had the rich exploited them, but imported Chinese laborers had deprived them of jobs. Kearney combined radicalism with racism.

Kearney called for burning down the Nob Hill mansions and either killing the Chinese or running them out of California. Though he hated the Nob Hill crowd, Bierce also hated and feared Kearney's type of demagoguery. Col. Frank Pixley founded *The Argonaut* both to oppose Kearney and boost himself for Governor of California. Bierce seemed an ideal aide.

Soon Bierce was leading the propaganda fight against Kearney. He even spoke admiringly of the brigades of men armed with pick-axe handles standing by on Nob Hill ready to bash in the heads of Kearney's followers if they made an assault on the hill.

Acid remarks on others Bierce disliked continued in *The Argonaut* along with the attacks on Kearney. One typical comment was on President Rutherford B. Hayes: "There was enough of Lincoln to kill and enough of Grant to kick, but Hayes is only a magic lantern image..."

Finally, Bierce would even turn against Pixley. Bierce proposed a comic epitaph: "Here lies Frank Pixley — as usual."

Nor was there any question that Bierce had the courage of his convictions about everything he wrote.

In reviewing a play, he called the leading lady, Katie Mayhew, "a charming blackguard". Her husband, Harry Widmer, considered this a slur and an attack on his wife's virtue. He stormed into the *Argonaut* office and slapped Bierce.

Bierce knocked him into the glass doors of a bookcase and grabbed the .45 revolver from the desk. Pixley rushed in and wrested the pistol away from Bierce just as Bierce was ready to shoot Widmer. Bierce then wrote a column calling Widmer "a charming blackguard," but Widmer kept well out of the way of Ambrose Bierce.

A mayor of San Francisco, a minister whose son (a notorious duelist) had shot and killed Charles DeYoung, brother of Michael, was called "This fallen gentleman, this moral pirate, this preacher pitchforked into power..." Yet the mayor's son never tried to test his marksmanship against Ambrose Bierce, even though he had killed DeYoung for a much milder criticism of his father.

Bierce broke a cane over the head of Dr. Adolphe Danziger, his collaborator on *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter;* then he kept the broken cane on display in his rooms as a "trophy of battle".

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Even if all this helped build circulation, it also made Pixley uneasy. Also, Bierce disliked being told what to write and got tired of trying to boost Pixley's political fortunes.

Besides, as in London, the grass was greener in other fields. Gold had been discovered in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

It seemed a natural opportunity for Bierce. His father-in-law had been the leading mining foreman of Virginia City. Bierce had mapped part of the area when he was on the Western expedition with General Hazen. Bierce's own maps were being used by prospectors in the area. He was an almost natural choice as general manager of the Black Hills Placer Mining Co. at Rockerville, near Deadwood, South Dakota.

Like everything else not connected with San Francisco journalism, this, too, proved a disaster for Bierce. Instead of getting rich, he ended up in debt and with a lawsuit.

To renew his cynicism was the realization that, contrary to Bret Harte's stories, the inhabitants of mining camps weren't noble or colorful characters after all. They were drunkards, cowards, bullies, murderers, pimps, prostitutes, gamblers, robbers and the chronically lazy. Getting held up was a constant threat.

For protection Bierce hired Boone May, a bounty-hunter under indictment for murder, as company guard. The man was even carried on the company payroll as "Boone May, murderer".

May's services proved invaluable when Bierce drew $30,000 from a Deadwood bank to meet the company payroll. Highway robbers knew Bierce had the money almost as soon as he left the bank. As Bierce and May rode back to Rockerville in a wagon, they suddenly heard the command, "Throw up your hands."

Before Bierce could start to reach for his revolver, May already had his rifle right in the robber's face.

Robbers were small fry compared to embezzlers. The till had been tapped before Bierce even got to the Black Hills. The whole project broke down in futility and bitterness before it even got started.

Return to San Francisco brought him back to journalism on the appropriately named *Wasp*. Here he started what became his famous *Devil's Dictionary* with such sarcastic definitions as: "Pray — to ask that the laws of the universe be annulled in behalf of an unworthy petitioner", "Success — the one un-

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pardonable sin", and "Vote — a free man's right to make a fool out of himself and a wreck out of his country".

Then there came a knock on the door of Bierce's apartment.

"I found a young man, the youngest man, it seemed to me, that I had ever confronted," Bierce recalled later. "His appearance, his attitude, his manner, his entire personality suggested extreme diffidence. I did not ask him in, install him in my better chair (I had two) and inquire how we could serve each other. If my memory is not at fault, I merely said, 'Well,' and awaited the result.

" 'I am from the *San Francisco Examiner,*' he explained in a voice like the fragrance of violets made audible and backed a little away.

" 'Oh,' I said, 'you come from Mr. Hearst.' Then that unearthly child lifted its blue eyes and cooed, 'I am Mr. Hearst.' "

Young William Randolph Hearst, the Senator's son, was starting his great newspaper empire with the *San Francisco Examiner.* Their association made Bierce nationally famous.

One caustic Bierce column in *The Examiner* said, "The wine of Arpad Harasthy has a bouquet all its own. It tickles and titillates the palate. It gurgles as it slips down the alimentary canal. It warms the cockles of the heart, and it burns the sensitive lining of the stomach."

When Harasthy threatened to sue, Bierce ran a complete retraction, "The wine of Arpad Harasthy does not have a bouquet all its own. It does not tickle and titillate the palate. It does not gurgle as it slips down the alimentary canal. It does not warm the cockles of the heart, and it does not burn the sensitive linings of the stomach."

Ever since the railroads were built, the Southern Pacific and particularly Collis P. Huntington ran the state. The State Legislature was but an annex to Southern Pacific. Many Congressmen were similarly the railroad's servants. Huntington practiced the Golden Rule — he who has the gold rules.

By 1896, Southern Pacific owed the United States government up to $75 million on railroad construction loans. Huntington made the amazing proposal to Congress that repayment be postponed "indefinitely".

Then Hearst sent Bierce to Washington to report the proceedings in his usual trenchant manner.

Huntington boasted that he never saw a man who couldn't be bribed. He quickly approached Bierce and asked his price for dropping the crusade.

"My price is $75 million," replied Bierce. "If, when you are ready to pay, I happen to be out of town, you can hand it over to my friend, the Treasurer of the United States."

Hearst saw that the story got out. The nation rocked with laughter. The incident, coupled with Bierce's dogged and biting reporting, almost single-handedly turned the tide. Huntington was defeated.

For once in his life, Bierce found himself extremely popular and even much loved. When he returned to San Francisco, crowds and crowds of people turned out to hail him as their liberator. He came home as their conquering hero.

Unfortunately, good will was lost a few years later when his venom got out of hand. He thoroughly detested President William McKinley. When Governor-elect William Goebel of Kentucky was murdered, Bierce couldn't resist the temptation to write:

The bullet that pierced Goebel's breast
Can not be found in all the West
Good reason, it is speeding here
To stretch McKinley on his bier.

To Hearst's horror, a fanatical gunman seemed to take Bierce at his word. President McKinley was shot and killed in Buffalo, N.Y.

Immediately, Hearst had to scurry around explaining that Bierce didn't really mean it the way it sounded. He said Bierce only meant it figuratively and not literally. Bierce tried to explain that instead of inciting murder, he was really trying to calm things down — to warn that if something wasn't done about violence and anarchy, McKinley could easily be murdered as was Goebel.

Few people believed them, although the murderer said he had never seen Bierce's poem.

Bierce's final years were spent in Washington D.C., first as Hearst's correspondent and then in retirement.

Revolution broke out in Mexico. Bierce was fascinated by the stories he heard. It sounded like Civil War days all over again. He said he would like to cover the revolution as a war correspondent.

At the same time, he made the cryptic remark, "To be a Gringo in Mexico — ah, that is euthenasia."

He was now in his 70's. He knew that he didn't have long to live. He had even written an essay in defense of suicide.

On his way to Mexico, he revisited all the old battlefields where he had seen combat. He brooded over the graves of his long-fallen comrades. In Juarez, Mexico, he received credentials to serve as a war correspondent with Pancho Villa.

The last word from him was a letter mailed Dec. 26, 1913, from Chihuahua City, Mexico, Pancho Villa's headquarters.

His disappearance became a national sensation. Almost instantly, everyone was saying Pancho Villa had him shot.

There were other stories that he had been killed by bandits or in battle.

His friend, Walter Neale, wrote years afterwards that the trip to Mexico had only been a diversion to throw people off the trail. Neale said that Bierce had really jumped into the Grand Canyon.

In 1958, Carlsbad, Calif., City Councilman Hal Bierce, the son of one of Bierce's cousins, told this writer, "The whole family has made a thorough search and has not been able to turn anything up. I think Villa probably shot him or strung him up because of his bitter mouth."

Whatever happened, Bierce would have thought it an ideal ending. It was typical of the affected disdain for the world that he revealed all through his career as a San Francisco journalist. ●**RW**

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AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

reservation, many Indians realized that it was useless to oppose the powerful United States government and became resigned to living on the reservations. After a time military controls were replaced by civil controls, but small garrisons were kept in strategic locations just in case the Indians caused trouble. Indian agents were appointed, some of these were fine men who had the welfare of the Indian in mind; but many saw it as a political move and a way to make money or a name for themselves.

The Indian Agent was appointed by the government to rule over the reservation and administer the business affairs of the Indians. When the military force was no longer needed on the reservation, many of the forts were turned into Government Schools for the Indians. The chief ones being Fort Defiance, Fort Wingate and Fort Yuma in Arizona, Fort Sill and Fort Reno in Oklahoma, and Fort Belknap in Montana.

On many of the reservations the government allotted 160 acres of land to each individual of the tribe, usually opening to the white settlers all surplus land. The money from this land, as well as any money from minerals found on the land and sold, was to be invested and held in trust for the Indians by the government, and the interest accruing paid out in the form of annuities twice annually. In cases where the Indian did not work his land himself, the Indian Agent or Superintendent would rent it to white settlers who were not always honest with the Indian. The agent would allow the white renter to grow wheat and other crops on the land year after year instead of rotating the crops or furnishing fertilizer to renew and strengthen the land, so the land was soon worn out. The Indian had little knowledge of money as he had little need of it in his old way of life.

The Indians underwent great change after the white man arrived in their land. Many changes were good, some not so good. Professor Fayette A. McKenzie, at one time the Associate president of the Society of the American Indian, wrote: "With freedom and education for the Indian a new situation opens up. The government will find its function decreasing and its beneficiaries withdrawing from supervision. The great task of race progress will then lie in the hands of the race itself. For it must be remembered that no race moves as a single body. The burden of progress rests upon the more advanced and more fortunate members of the race. The people are increasingly free to follow. For the first time in history the leaders speak a language held in common by the race." ●RW

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HELLACIOUS CATFISH KID

(continued from page 14)

shot in the leg and fell beside the wall unseen in the darkness.

Charging in furious pursuit, the LS cowboys plunged through the space between buildings, almost over Emory.

On clearing into the open behind the row of buildings, Woodruff made it to the open back door despite his wounds. Falling through, he crawled around, managing to slam the door shut but unable to lock it or stand up.

Having seen someone vanish through the open door and hearing it wham, Valley rushed to it. Standing four feet away, he fired several bullets through the panels. Reloading his sixgun, he edged up onto the wooden steps, mounting high enough to crack the door to try peering inside. From the darkness beyond, a gun blazed red powder flame. Shot through the head, he fell dead in a heap on the steps.

Taking refuge behind the near building corner, Chilton and Lang began shooting mostly at shadows. Abruptly, bullets from farther out began spitting angrily around them.

Close at hand, Chilton spotted a man stumbling along in the dark. Partly blinded by his own powder flame, he did not pause to ascertain if he was one of the gang or not, and he shot him dead. The victim proved to be a man named Sheets who ran the saloon restaurant. Sleeping in a side room, he was awakened by gunfire and came out to see what was going on.

Chilton's unwise shot exposed his exact position from which he failed to move quickly enough. Directly across the rear alley several shots crashed from which he failed to move quickly enough. Directly across the rear alley several shots crashed from a wood pile. Chilton was shot twice through the chest.

Staggering backward and gasping out something about dying, he gave his sixgun to Lang. Then he fell to the trash littered ground, dead.

Lead continued spitting into and around the corner. Lang realized that if he tried to hold on there alone, his end was absolutely certain. Warily, he began retreating along the side of the building towards Main Street. Guessing that he ran away, at least two men rushed from hiding, firing on him before he gained the street.

Unhit, he dashed along it toward the Exchange. Meeting friends on the way, he was surrounded and offered help to avenge the deaths of King and Chilton. At that point it was only surmised that Valley might be dead or seriously wounded.

While Lang was in the process of hurriedly explaining the situation, bullets began whining around them from near Jenkins and Dunn's. The bunch rushed apart, spreading across the street. Advancing behind flaming guns, their combined fire drove off whoever fired on them.

Sheriff East and his deputy, L.C. Pierce, ran up to Lang and his friends asking the reason for their outburst of shooting. On learning that they had been fired on first, supposedly by the Woodruff crowd, East promptly deputized the entire group to round up those remaining alive.

Making hurriedly for Spring Street, Pierce cut around into the long rear space. He gained close to the rear of Jenkins and Dunn's when Catfish Kid was spotted running away bent over towards the ground.

Pierce ordered him to halt and throw up his hands. When he kept on running, he fired. He did not see that Catfish Kid fell down only because he stumbled into a hole. The bullet had been a clean miss.

On reaching Catfish Kid, Pierce leaned over him. He groaned, choked for air and otherwise displayed the symptoms of a dying man. Pierce thought that he was expiring and sped on after the echoing sounds of others running away.

When he cleared, Catfish Kid jumped up and fled.

On reaching the adobe shack, he found Woodruff there, his wounds bound up with strips of cloth. Saddling his own horse quickly, Catfish Kid got another for him and they escaped north across the Canadian.

The town was fully aroused; wild rumors were flying everywhere of ruthless killers being on the loose. Armed citizens roved all through Tascosa, searching for supposed gunmen in hiding.

Wounded bystanders were taken in for medical treatment. Charles Emory was found braced against the front of Kimbell's blacksmith shop. Bousman, Nigger Bob and Tom Emory made no effort ot escape but were not arrested until a week later. They were taken into custody along with Lang.

Lang's arrest aroused some objection, but East insisted he was guilty of murder like the others. He had gone out to kill, and being the sole survivor of one faction meant no difference.

The day after the shooting scrape, East led a posse across the Canadian over horse tracks of animals believed ridden by Catfish Kid and Woodruff. Their lead was a long one on the lawmen. East concluded they were making for safety in the Indian Nations. He took the posse back to Tascosa.

Ten days after the gun battle, Catfish Kid and Woodruff rode into Tascosa and surrendered to East.

Charges of first-degree murder were made against Catfish Kid, Woodruff, Bousman, Tom Emory and Lang.

Strangely, in the public mind the entire affair was the scheming of Catfish Kid. This despite the known fact that King came to town for the sole purpose of killing Woodruff. In turn he was shot down by an unidentified man. It was known definitely the fatal shot was not fired by Catfish Kid, Woodruff or one of the others.

Editor and publisher of *The Tascosa Pioneer,* C.F. Randolph, inflamed the citizens further against Catfish Kid. He editorialized, "It was cold blooded murder and Catfish Kid should be dealt with. He has done enough meanness around here that his case deserves a hempen lesson."

With public feeling running high and Editor Randolph after them all, a fair trial was impossible in Oldham County. The murder cases were transferred to Claredon. Each accused was tried separately and got a hung jury.

The cases were then sent to Mobeetie, and this time a jury did not disagree. Everyone of them was quickly found not guilty.

Woodruff settled up his affairs and departed Tascosa. Catfish Kid unwisely remained around, with almost every man in the country an avowed enemy.

He returned from a rustling job the afternoon of June 22, 1888. Early that night he wandered into a vacant lot behind the Cone and Duran general store. Already gone to bed, there in sleeping rolls were James Thurber and Alize Lynch. Twenty feet away snoozed a mystery man known only as the Dutchman.

Catfish Kid hunkered down

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beside Thurber and Lynch, talking to them. The Dutchman snored so loud that twice he paused, finally asking who the sleeper was.

When told he said, "Must be drunk, snoring like a sawmill. Dutchman or no, he should be put off by himself."

Awakening and hearing only part of the speech and not understanding it, the Dutchman came out of his blankets half-clothed with a sixgun in hand.

"Who wants to make the Dutchman some trouble?" he demanded, advancing menacingly.

The unarmed cowboys leaped up and started to flee as Catfish Kid stood to his feet facing the oncoming Dutchman. Then out of the holsters came his deadly guns. The Dutchman died with four bullets in him.

Editor Randolph fumed editorially over this latest outrage, but it gained him nothing. The witnesses were positive about what they saw. The killing was clearly self-defense. East did not bother to waste time by arresting Catfish Kid.

While Woodruff reposed in jail, Fulton recruited four other thieves for the gang. On returning to Tascosa, Catfish Kid went along with them raiding cattlemens' herds. But his share of the sale money proved dismally low. Twice they had words over the matter.

Making another steal with Fulton, this time running off more than a hundred fat XIT steers, Catfish Kid stayed with him. He heard the details of bargaining for $10 a head and saw the money paid over.

That night in camp on the return to Tascosa, Fulton opened his saddle bags and gave him $100. Surprisingly, Catfish Kid did not then and there blow him to pieces and take it all. Maybe he believed that the other four had been instructed to down him in a gunfight. They received exactly the same amount of money. Oddly, they did not object to the low shares.

Later, Catfish Kid's suspicions were further aroused when he saw the four thieves in saloons spending far more than they were supposedly given. He was being deliberately held out on.

Knowing that Fulton shacked with a dancehall girl on Spring Street, he lurked there until the halls closed well towards daylight. As expected, Fulton and the girl came along, tired and sleepy.

From out of the darkness Catfish Kid knocked Fulton cold with a club. The girl fled screaming into the house. There was barely enough time for Fulton's valuables belt and pockets to be emptied of money before lighted lanterns were brought of the house.

From the author's photo collection

Jim East who put the Indian sign on Tascosa's bad men.

Riding out of Tascosa that night, Catfish Kid remained in a range cowcamp on the river for a week. Upon returning to town, his first night stop was at Ryan's saloon. He stood drinking slowly when Fulton appeared from the gaming tables, siding him.

The bartender told East later that Fulton started an immediate argument with Catfish Kid. But he didn't hear his words which were spoken low. Nearing them again, he heard Catfish Kid speaking almost casually.

"I did more work than the rest of you. Anyhow, I was entitled to an equal share."

"Well, you damned well ain't going to get away with it. You didn't fool me the least. Another thing, them two guns don't scare me either."

"You'd better 'tend to your own business and quit fooling with me."

"Says you!"

The bartender was never sure whether Fulton went for his gun at the same time or not. But in the next split second Fulton toppled dead to the floor. Catfish Kid's two spouting guns sent bullets through his face and neck.

Walking out, Catfish Kid mounted his horse and departed Tascosa forever.

Fulton got his permanent address in boothill. ●**RW**

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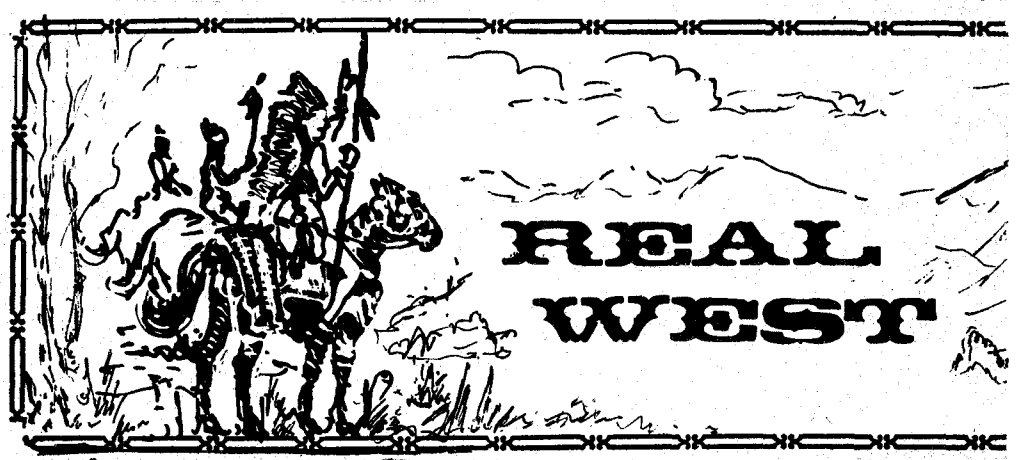

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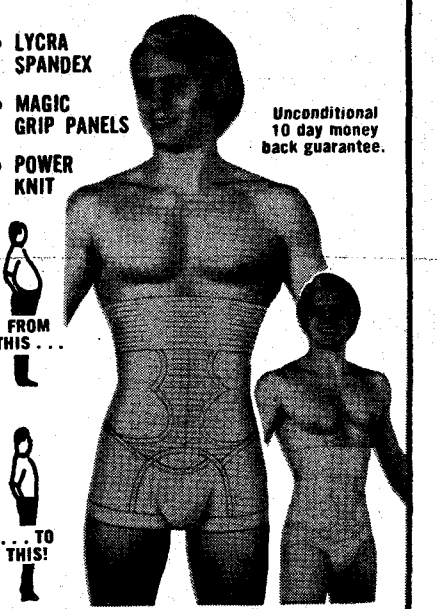

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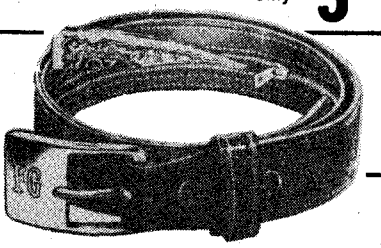

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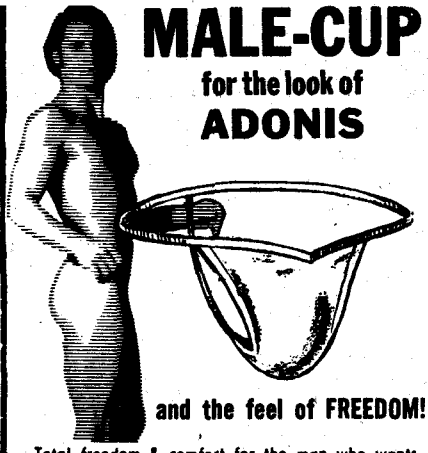

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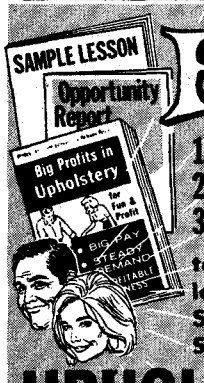

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DAYS THAT WERE

(continued from page 23)

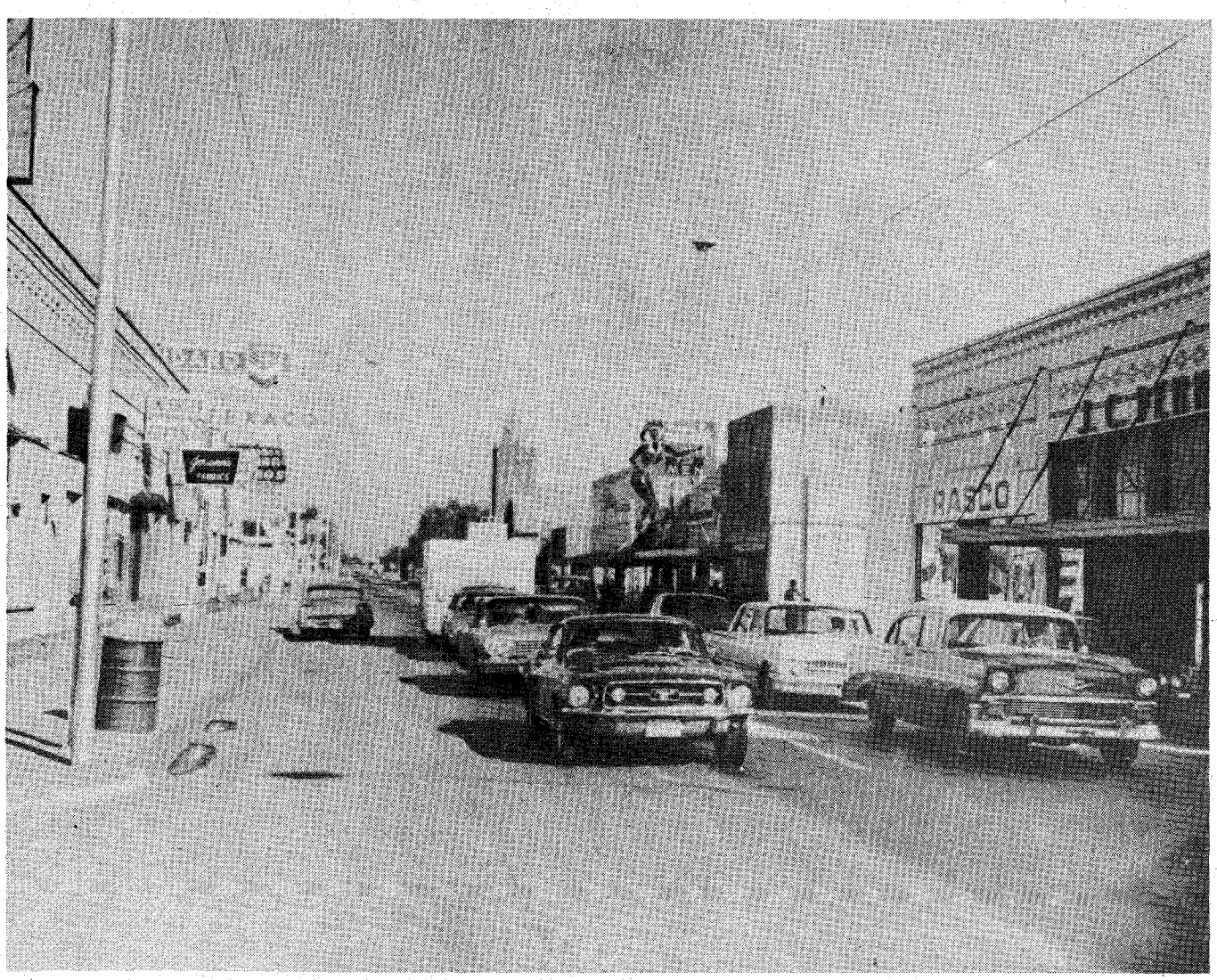

Photo from the author's collection

Winslow main business district today.

They pitched in, and by noon we had those black Fords, all sedans, cleaned up and polished. Going home after midday, we dressed up and went to the party.

When we arrived, girls sat around self-consciously in the parlor. Beribboned, they wore their fanciest long-sleeved dresses and ankle-length skirts.

Making our bows and paying respects to our hostess' mother, we then held up the walls silently.

Finally, the mother of the girl giving the party said, "Children, let's go out on the lawn and play a few games before eating."

Dutifully we filed out behind her and soon engaged in Ring around Rosie, hop, skip and jump, hide and seek, what's my name, and chicken. Very soon all the kids were laughing and enjoying themselves.

Near five o'clock the hostess' mother called us in to eat. There was store bought ice cream, fresh fruit from California, and stacks of many kinds of sandwiches. In an hour that bunch of kids had cleaned the table to only crumbs on the dishes.

Again we gathered in the parlor when the game of post office was proposed. Slips of paper were handed around. After a sort of bidding, the girl giving the party accepted a slip and read off a girl's or boy's name. The way this was played, a girl could also bid on a boy.

However, the girl always went through the front door first and started running around the house. The pursuing boy, if he caught her, was supposed to deliver the "letter" by kissing her.

A girl wrote my name on her slip of paper, and when it was read, she started running out and around the house. Right behind it she halted and turned towards me with sparkling eyes and laughing.

When I started to peck her cheek, she promptly slugged me. Chasing a girl around the house, Melvin turned the near corner in time to be a witness to my hurried departure.

He caught up a couple of blocks away and considerately said nothing to further my embarrassment for a long time.

Finally he said, "Shucks, who wants to kiss a giggling girl anyway." ●**RW**

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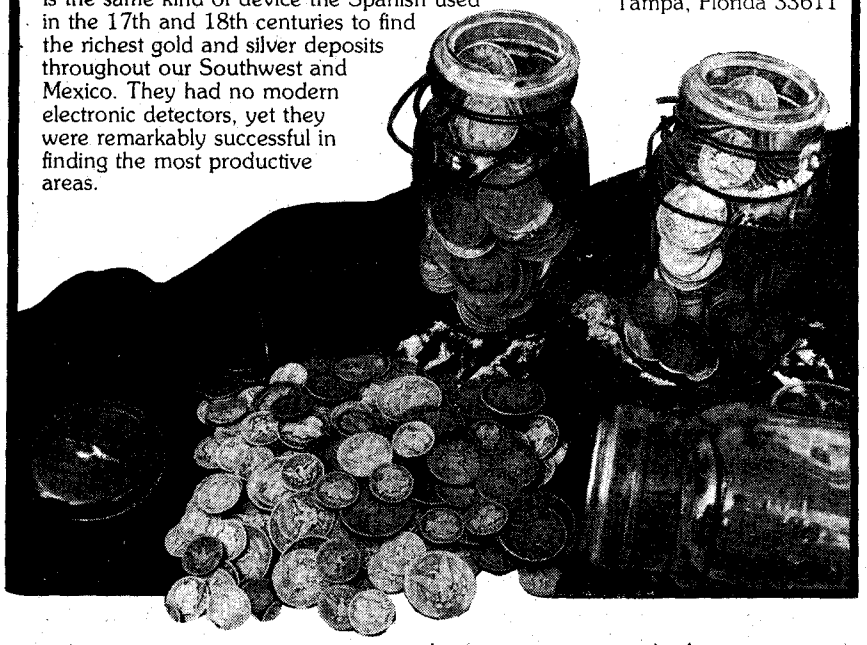

As you locate a word in the diagram, circle it and cross it off the word list. All words are always found in a straight line either FORWARD, BACKWARD, UP, DOWN, or DIAGONALLY. No letters are ever skipped. You will not use up all the letters in a given diagram.

ON AND ABOUT THE RANCH

M	G	O	A	T	D	R	B	M	A	L	G
L	A	R	E	T	T	I	R	C	W	O	C
Y	F	V	O	E	W	E	N	O	D	R	A
N	B	R	E	H	T	E	W	L	L	E	B
O	U	A	M	R	E	O	B	O	A	R	E
P	I	G	W	K	I	P	E	Y	H	S	L
N	T	H	A	O	I	C	R	U	R	T	E
A	E	N	L	N	A	T	K	O	S	I	P
I	S	R	T	Y	L	C	H	O	G	H	P
D	A	O	U	U	T	A	C	O	P	U	Y
N	N	S	O	R	A	M	D	T	N	I	E
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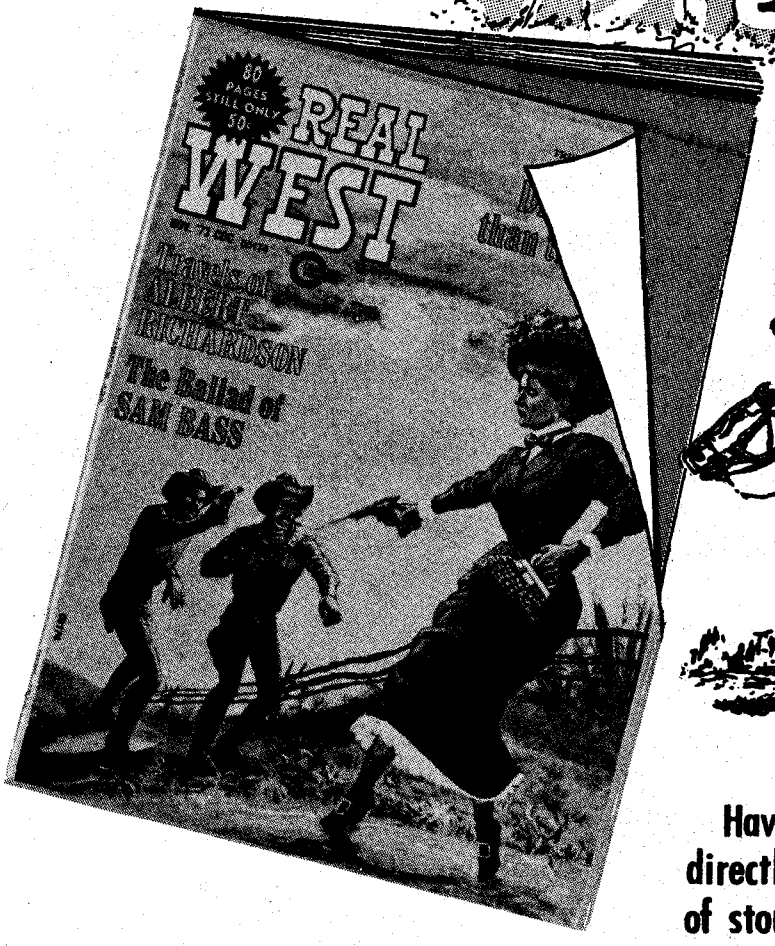

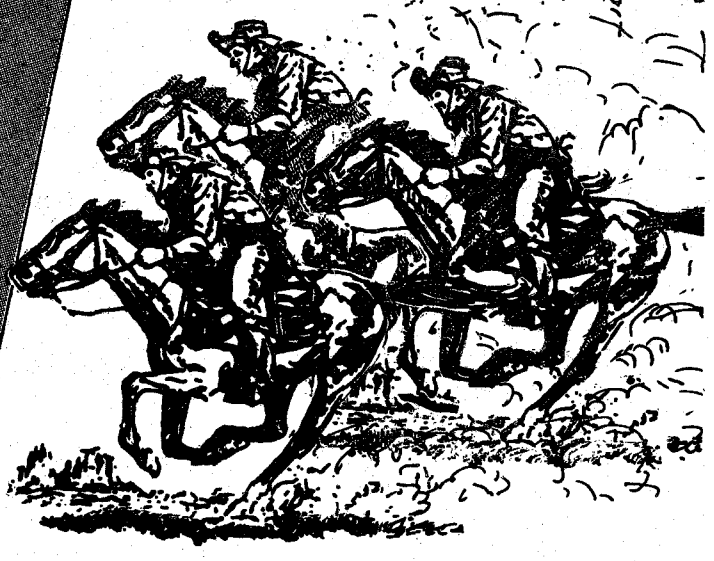

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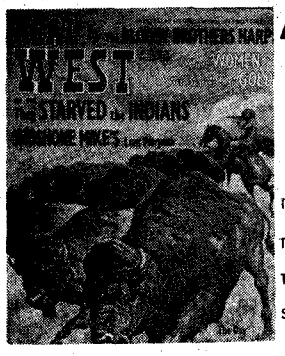

AUG.73

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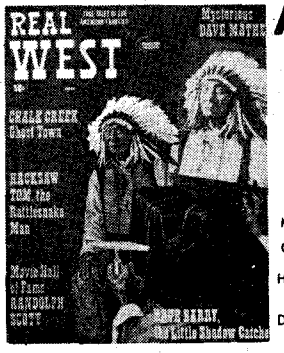

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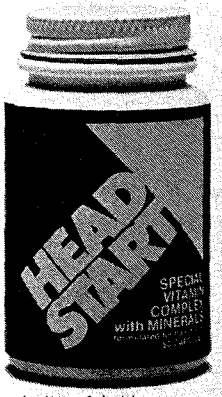

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Let's be honest with ourselves. Anything you rub on, pour over, or spray in your hair to prevent premature baldness is at best temporary and at worst sheer witch doctory.

The secret actually comes from within. With the kind of proper nutrition that comes from a well balanced diet.

A steady diet of wheat germ oils, fish oils, kelp, raw vegetables, and other super foods that give hair the vitamins, minerals and protein it needs to be the healthiest are not enough. Unless you have the stomach to eat three pounds of calves' liver at a sitting.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Go ahead. Keep taking your multiple vitamins. They have a job to do. But that job isn't Head Start's.

Head Start's job is to keep your hair from starving to death.

Unfortunately as we grow older (as we must) the tiny capillaries start to break down and the top of the head is the first place they start to go. When they break down they are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of your hair. (Fact is, the "frizzies" are one of the first signs that your hair is not only damaged.)

It's dying.

Cosvetic Laboratories developed Head Start to supplement your diet with just the vitamins and minerals (in megadoses) that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. Ordinary commercial vitamin compounds will not keep your hair alive. Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

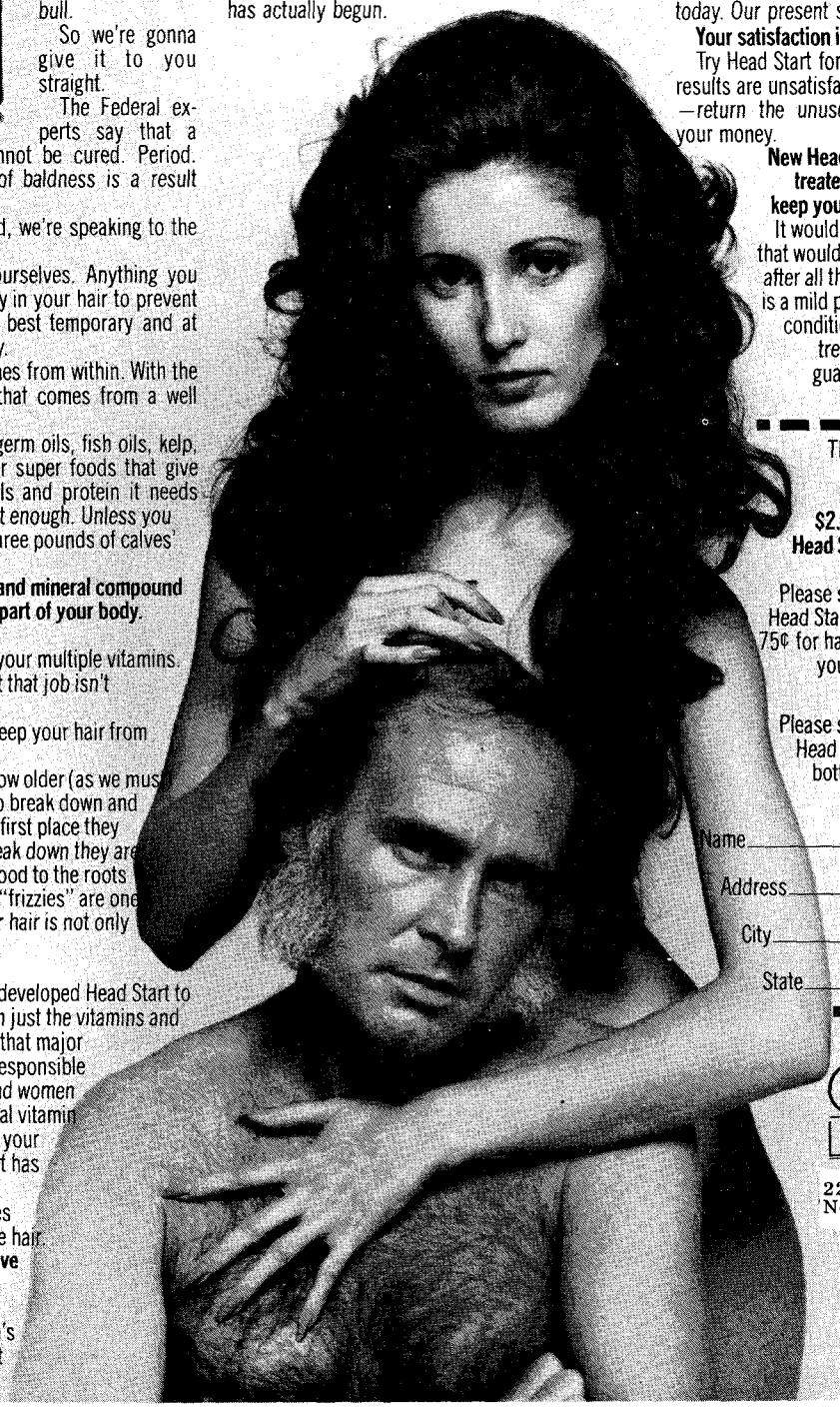
Is Head Start an effective baldness preventative?

In cases other than hereditary baldness there's nothing mysterious about balding. It occurs for the same reason that dry, unconditioned hair does and it's not limited to men. (You'd be surprised at how many well-groomed women in couture dresses hide thinning hair beneath a wig.)

In fact, 7,000,000 women in America today suffer from a hair and scalp disorder.

A disorder that could be correctable.

After more than two years of testing, Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair—and in some cases new growth has actually begun.



The catch? Just one. Like most good things for your body, including dieting, you have to do it conscientiously over a period of time.

Do yourself a favor. Start using your head. And your mouth.

You have nothing to lose but your hair by waiting. If you act now you can take advantage of our special introductory offer in the coupon below. Frankly, we're selling Head Start faster than we can make it. So send in your coupon today. Our present supply is limited.

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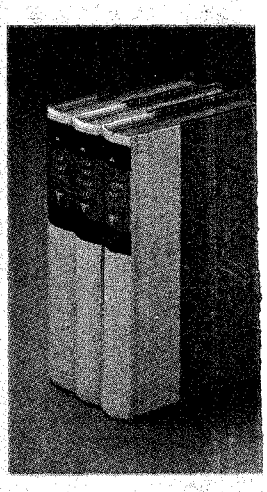

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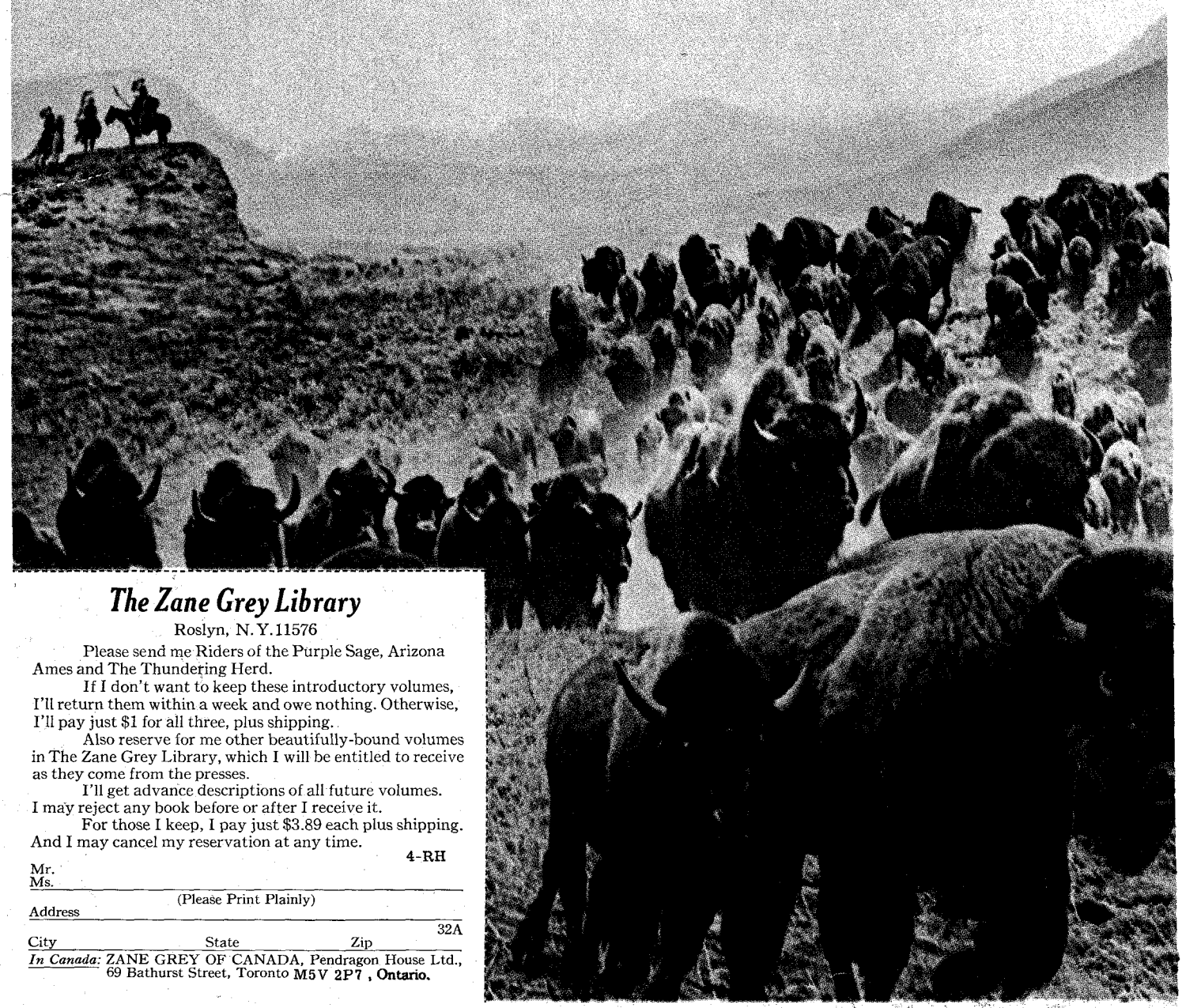

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